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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

ALL's Well, that ENDS Well.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or, What you will.
The COMEDY of ERRORS.
The WINTER-NIGHT's TALE.
The LIFE and DEATH of King JOHN.

LONDON:

Printed *for* J. *and* R. Tonſon, H. Woodfall, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, Clarke *and* Collins, T. Longman, W. Johnſton, T. Caſlon, C. Corbet, T. Lownds, *and the* Executors *of* B. Dod.

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Vol. 3 pa. 3.

ALL's WELL,

THAT

ENDS WELL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.

Lafeu, *an old Lord.*

Parolles, *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*

Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*

Steward,
Clown, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.

Helena, *daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*

An old widow of Florence.

Dianna, *daughter to the widow.*

Violenta,
Mariana, } *Neighbours, and friends to the widow.*

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lies partly in *France*; and, partly in *Tuſcany.*

ALL's

ALL's well, that ENDS well.

ACT I.

SCENE, the Counteſs of *Rouſillon*'s Houſe in *France*.

Enter Bertram, *the Counteſs of* Rouſillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in Mourning.*

COUNTESS.

IN delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I muſt attend his Majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a huſband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; (1) whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up were it wanted, rather than ſlack it where there is ſuch abundance.

(1) *whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than* lack *it where there is ſuch abundance.*] An oppoſition of terms is viſibly deſign'd in this ſentence; tho' the oppoſition is not viſible, as the terms now ſtand. *Wanted* and *Abundance* are the oppoſites to one another; but how is *lack* a contraſt to *ſtir up?* The addition of a ſingle letter gives it, and the very ſenſe requires it. Mr. *Warburton.*

Count. What hope is there of his Majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young Gentlewoman had a Father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the King's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good Lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my Lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon.*

Count. His ſole child, my Lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her; diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this,

Helena;

Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have ——

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. (2) If the living be not enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! farewel, my Lord;
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier, good my Lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n bleſs him! Farewel, *Bertram*.

[Exit Counteſs.

Ber. [*To* Hel.] The beſt wiſhes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be ſervants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt Ber. and Laf.

Hel. O, were that all! —— I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination

(2) *If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] This ſeems very obſcure; but the addition of a negative perfectly diſpels all the miſt. *If the living be not enemy &c.* Exceſſive grief is an enemy to the living, ſays *Laſeu*. Yes, replies the Counteſs; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, [i. e. ſtrive to conquer it,] the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal. Mr. *Warburton.*

Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram's*.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no.——

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have ſome ſtain of ſoldier in you; let me ask you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: man, ſetting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers and blowers

blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. (3) It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mother; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites; much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most prohibited sin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Vir-

(3) *It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is* rational *increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost.* The context seems to me rather to require—*national* increase; tho' I have not ventur'd to disturb the text, as the other reading will admit of a meaning.

ginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable; juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a Sovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet;
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he——
I know not, what he ſhall—God ſend him well!——
The court's a learning place—and he is one——

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well—'tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends;
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My Lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little *Helen*, farewel; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The wars have kept you ſo under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: but the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, as I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of courtiers counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends; get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Court of *France*.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. THE *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our couſin *Auſtria*;
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer;
And *Florence* is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count *Rouſſillon*, my good Lord,
Young *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would, I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the brav'ſt. He laſted long;

But

But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To day in our young Lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs (4)
Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs, if there were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.

King. Would, I were with him! he would always ſay,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear;) Let me not live,—
[Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,

(4) *So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs*
Were in his *pride or ſharpneſs; if* they *were,*
His equal had awak'd them.—]

This paſſage ſeems ſo very incorrectly pointed, that the author's meaning is loſt in the careleſneſs. As the text and ſtops are reform'd, theſe are moſt beautiful lines, and the ſenſe this.—"He "had no *contempt* or *bitterneſs*; if he had any thing that look'd like "*pride* or *ſharpneſs*, (of which qualities contempt and bitterneſs are "the exceſſes,) his equal had awaked them, not his inferior; to "whom he ſcorn'd to diſcover any thing that bore the ſhadow of "pride or ſharpneſs. Mr. *Warburton.*

When

When it was out,) let me not live, (quoth he,)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions:—this he wiſh'd.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
(Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,)
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 Lord. You're loved, Sir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months, ſince, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications; nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, Count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majeſty. [*Flouriſh, Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Counteſs's at *Rouſſillon*,

Enter Counteſs, Steward and Clown.

Count. I Will now hear; what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; (5) for then we wound our modeſty, and

(5) *For then we wound our* modeſty, *and make foul the* clearneſs *of our* deſervings, *when of ourſelves we* publiſh *them.*] This ſentiment our author has again inculcated in his *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth.

I won't pretend, that *Shakeſpeare* is here treading in the ſteps of *Æſchylus*; but that poet has ſomething in his *Agamemnon*, which might very well be a foundation to what our author has advanced in both theſe paſſages.

——ἀλλ'

and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, ſirrah: the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not, for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your Ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, *Iſbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Iſbel*'s caſe, and mine own; ſervice is no heritage, and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, 'till I have iſſue o' my body; for they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

——— ἀλλ' ἐναισίμως
Αἰνεῖν, παρ' ἄλλων χρὴ τόδ' ἔρχεσθαι γέρας.
But to be prais'd with honour, is a tribute
That muſt be paid us from another's tongue.

Clo.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyſam* the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way;——

" For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true
" ſhall find;
" Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow ſings
" by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her, *Helen* I mean.

Clo. " Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe, (6) [*Singing.*
" Why

(6) *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,*
Why the Grecians *ſacked* Troy?
Was this King Priam's *joy?*] As the ſtanza, that follows, is in alternate rhyme, and as a rhyme is here wanting to *ſhe* in the 1ſt verſe; 'tis evident, the 3d line is wanting. The old *folio*'s give us a part of it; but how to ſupply the loſt part, was the queſtion. Mr. *Rowe* has given us the fragment honeſtly, as he found it: but Mr. *Pope*, rather than to ſeem founder'd, has ſunk it upon us.—I communicated to my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton* how I found the paſſage in the old books,

[*Fond done, done, fond,*
Was this King Priam's *joy?*]

And

" Why the *Grecians* sacked *Troy?*
" Fond done, fond done;—for *Paris* he
" Was this King *Priam's* joy.
" With that she sighed as she stood, (7)
" And

And from him I received that supplement, which I have given to the text, and the following justification of it. " I will first proceed " to justify my sense and emendation, and then account for the cor- " ruption. In the first place, 'tis plain, the last line should not " have been read with an interrogation: For was *Helen* King " *Priam's* joy? No, surely, she was not. Who then? why, the " historians tell us it was *Paris*, who was his favourite son. And " how natural was it, when this *she* (whoever she was,) had said, " was this the face that ruin'd *Troy?* to fall into a moral reflection, " and say, what a fond deed was this! *Priam's* misery proceeded " from him, that was his only joy. This is exactly agreeable to " the simplicity of those ancient songs: as the phrase, *For* Paris " *be*—is to their mode of locution. So far we have the genius of " the *Ballad*, history, and the context, to make it probable. An " observation upon the ensuing *stanza* may make it clear to demon- " stration."

I will only subjoin, in confirmation of my friend's ingenious conjecture, that, in *The Maid in the Mill* by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I find a scrap of another old ballad upon the same subject, most nearly corresponding with ours.

And here fair *Paris* comes,
The hopeful youth of *Troy*;
Queen *Hecuba's* darling son,
King *Priam's* only joy.

(7) *With that she sighed, as she stood,*
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine *bad if* one *be good,*
There's yet one *good in* ten.]

This 2d stanza is a joke turn'd upon the women: a confession that there was *one* good in *ten*. Upon which the Countess says, " What! " one good in ten! you corrupt the song, sirrah".—This shews, that the sense of the song was, *one* bad only in ten; or, *nine* good in ten: and this clears up the mystery. The 2d stanza was certainly thus in the old ballad.

With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
If one *be bad among st* nine *good,*
There's but one *bad in* ten.

A visible continuation of the thought, as amended, in the latter part of the first stanza: and it relates to the *ten* sons of *Priam*, who all behaved themselves well except this *Paris*. But why *Priam's ten sons*, may it not be ask'd, when universal tradition has given him

fifty?

" And gave this ſentence then;
" Among nine bad if one be good,
" There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' ſong: would, God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parſon; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurpliſs of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forſooth, the buſineſs is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds; there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me; alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any

fifty? To this I reply, that, at the time of this unfortunate part of his reign, he had but ten. To theſe this ſongſter alludes. They were, *Agathon, Amiphon, Delphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Polimin, Paris* and *Polites*. It ſeems particularly humorous in the clown, (and ſuiting with the licence of his character, as a *jeſter*;) all at once to deprave the text of the ballad, and turn it to a ſarcaſm upon the women. Mr. *Warburton.*

ſtranger

ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon; Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, (8) that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; *Diana* no Queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to yourſelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor miſdoubt; pray you, leave me; ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n ſo it was with me, when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;

(8) *Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, &c. Love, no god,* &c. complain'd againſt the *Queen of virgins,* &c.] This paſſage ſtands thus in the old copies.

Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level, Queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every ſenſible reader that ſomething muſt have ſlip'd out here, by which the meaning of the context is render'd defective. There are no traces for the words, [*complain'd againſt the*] which I take to have been firſt conjecturally ſupply'd by Mr. *Rowe.* But the form of the ſentence is intirely alter'd by their inſertion; and they, at beſt, make but a botch. The ſteward is ſpeaking in the very words he overheard of the young Lady; fortune was no goddeſs, ſhe ſaid, for one reaſon; love no god, for another;---what could ſhe then more naturally ſubjoin, than as I have amended in the text?

Diana *no Queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue,* &c.

For in poetical hiſtory *Diana* was as well known to preſide over *chaſtity,* as *Cupid* over *love,* or *Fortune* over the *change* or *regulation* of our *circumſtances.*

It

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.——
Hel. What is your pleasure, Madam?
Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I said a mother,
Methought, you saw a serpent; what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I'm your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?
Why,——that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count *Rousillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear Lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.——
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, Madam; would you were,
(So that my Lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heav'n,
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?——
Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;

God shield, you mean it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse! what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness.—Now I see (9)
The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears head; now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so. For, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forswear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,

(9) ——*Now I see*
The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears head:——]

The mystery of her *loneliness* is beyond my comprehension: The old Countess is saying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in reproach, that this word should find a place here; which it could not, unless sarcastically employ'd, and with some spleen. I dare warrant, the poet meant, his old Lady should say no more than this: "I now find "the mystery of your creeping into corners, and weeping, and "pining in secret". For this reason I have amended the text, *loneliness*. The steward, in the foregoing scene, where he gives the Countess intelligence of *Helen*'s behaviour says;

Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears!

The author has used the word *loneliness*, to signify a person's *being alone*, again in his *Hamlet*.

We will bestow ourselves; read on this book;
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your *loneliness*.

Whereof

Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heav'n and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your ſon.
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know, how that deſert ſhall be:
I know, I love in vain; ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the water of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus, *Indian*-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearеſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtely, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both herſelf and love; O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chuſe
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that, which ſearch implies;
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly, where ſhe dies.
Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris?*
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itſelf, I ſwear;
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſov'reignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note; amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The King is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speak?
Hel. My Lord your son made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel. There's something in't
More than my father's skill, (which was the great'st
Of his profession,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heav'n; and, would your Honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.
Count. Dost thou believe't?
Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and love;
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Begone, to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, the Court of *France*.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles. *Flouriſh Cornets.*

KING.

FArewel, young Lords: theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs, it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewel, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy *French* men; (10) let higher *Italy*

(Thoſe

(10) ——let higher Italy
(*Thoſe hated, that inherit but the fall*
Of the laſt monarchy;) *ſee*, &c.] This ſeems to me one of the very obſcure paſſages of *Shakeſpeare*, and which therefore may very well demand explanation. *Italy*, at the time of this ſcene, was under three very different tenures. The Emperor, as ſucceſſor of the *Roman* Emperors, had one part; the Pope, by a pretended donation from *Conſtantine*, another; and the third was compos'd of free ſtates. Now by the *laſt monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the laſt of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the ſcramble, ſeveral cities ſet up for themſelves, and became free ſtates: Now theſe might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy. But the Emperor could not be ſaid to inherit the fall of the monarchy, any more than a ſon, who inherits an impair'd eſtate, could be ſaid to inherit the fall of his father's eſtate: Tho' thoſe, who had defrauded the father, might be ſaid to inherit the fall of his eſtate. Much leſs could the Pope,

(Thoſe bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy;) ſee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

2 Lord. Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*, take heed of them;
They ſay, our *French* lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To Attendants.*

[*Exit.*

1 Lord. Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us! ——

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark ——

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*——

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n, I'll ſteal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par Commit it, Count.

2 Lord. I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 Lord. Farewel, Captain.

Pope by a donation in the times of its duration, be ſaid to do ſo. This being premiſed, now to the ſenſe. The King ſays, *higher* Italy;---giving it the rank of preference to *France*; but he corrects himſelf and ſays, I except thoſe from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the laſt monarchy; as all the little petty ſtates; for inſtance, *Florence* to whom theſe voluntiers were going. As if he had ſaid, I gave the place of honour to the Emperor and the Pope, but not to the free ſtates. All here is clear; and 'tis exactly *Shakeſpeare*'s manner, who lov'd to ſhew his reading on ſuch occaſions. Mr. *Warburton.*

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles!* ——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. (11) You ſhall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one Captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble Captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King —— [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Uſe a moſt ſpacious ceremory to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time; there, do muſter true gate, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, and Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

(11) *You ſhall find in the regiment of the* Spinii *one Captain* Spurio, *his cicatrice,* with *an emblem of war here on his ſiniſter cheek*;] It is ſurprizing, none of the editors could ſee that a ſlight tranſpoſition was abſolutely neceſſary here, when there is not common ſenſe in the paſſage, as it ſtands without ſuch tranſpoſition. *Parolles* only means, "you ſhall find one Captain *Spurio* in the camp with a ſcar on his "left cheek, a mark of war that my ſword gave him." Our poet has employ'd this word, to ſignify ſcar, in other of his plays: So, before, in *As you like it*;

—— —— —— lean but upon a ruſh,
The *cicatrice* and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: —— ——

And in *Hamlet*;

Since yet thy *cicatrice* looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* ſword; ——

Laf.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands, that hath bought his pardon.
I would, you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aſk me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would, I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs:—but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them; (12) I have ſeen a *med'cin*,
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King *Pepin*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor-ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her: now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

(12) *I have ſeen a* Medecine,] *Lafeu* does not mean that he has ſeen a remedy, but a perſon bringing ſuch remedy. I therefore imagine, our author uſed the *French* word, *medecin*, i. e. a Phyſician; this agrees with what he ſubjoins immediately in reply to the King, *Why*, Doctor-She;—and—*write to* her *a love-line*.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.
Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
Bringing in Helena.
King. This haſte hath wings, indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm *Creſſid*'s uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, do's your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſe towards him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her unaidable eſtate: we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empericks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.
Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;

Humbly

Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown,
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When mir'cles have by th' greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.
King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim,
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound, within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
(13) Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd! not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?
King. (14) Make thy demand.

Hel.

(13) *Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all &c.*] This verse is too short by a foot; and apparently some dissyllable is drop'd out by mischance. Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd with me in conjecture to supply the verse thus:

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, *all* &c.

Helena had laid a particular stress on her maiden reputation; and the King, afterwards, when he comes to speak of her to *Bertram*, says;

——— If she be
All that is *virtuous*, (save, what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter;) thou dislik'st
Of *virtue* for her name: ———

(14) King. *Make thy demand.*
Hel. *But will you make it even?*
King. *Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of* help.]

The

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heav'n.

Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of *France*;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:)
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Rouſſillon.*

Enter Counteſs, and Clown.

Count. COME on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know, my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. But to the court! why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? but to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that

The King could have but a very ſlight hope of *help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by; and therefore *Helen* might ſuſpect, he meant to equivocate with her. Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt part of the ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme: and there is no ſhadow of reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine, the poet wrote;

Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heav'n.

Dr. *Thirlby.*

cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib's* ruſh for *Tom's* fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tueſday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Aſk me, if I am a courtier;—it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, Sir—there's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? indeed, your O Lord, Sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—O Lord, Sir; I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your business: give *Helen* this, And urge her to a present answer back.
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much imployment for you, you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Court of *France*.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. (15) THEY say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern, and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconsing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

(15) *They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless.*] This, as it has hitherto been pointed, is directly opposite to our poet's, and his speaker's, meaning. As I have stop'd it, the sense quadrates with the context: and, surely, it is one unalterable property of philosophy, to make seeming strange and preternatural *Phænomena* familiar, and reducible to cause and reason.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts——

Par. So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus.*

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows——

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,——

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death,——

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in, what do you call there——

Laf. A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. (16) Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect——

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

(16) *Why, your* dolphin *is not luſtier:*] I have thought it very probable, that, as 'tis a *French* man ſpeaks, and as 'tis the *French* King he is ſpeaking of, the poet might have wrote,

Why, your Dauphin *is not luſtier:*

i. e. the King is as hale and hearty as the Prince his ſon. And that the King in this *play* is ſuppoſed to have a ſon, is plain from what he ſays to *Bertram* in the firſt act.

——— Welcome, Count,
My *ſon*'s no dearer.

Beſides, *Dauphin* in the old impreſſions is conſtantly ſpelt as the fiſh, *dolphin.* But then conſidering on the other hand, *As ſound as a roach, As whole as a fiſh,* are proverbial expreſſions: and conſidering too that our author elſewhere makes the *dolphin* an inſtance or emblem of luſtihood and activity.

——— his delights
Were *dolphin-like,* they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in, *Anto.* and *Cleop.*

I have not thought proper to diſturb the text. Nor would, indeed, the ſenſe of the paſſage be affected by any alteration.

Par.

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be ———

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it, you said well: here comes the King.

Laf. Lustick, as the *Dutchman* says: I'll like a maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre, is not this *Helen?*

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice
I have to use; thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please! marry, to each but one.——

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

[*She addresses herself to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, restor'd
The King to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heav'n for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid,——

Please

Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
"We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chuſe, but be refus'd;
"Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
"We'll ne'er come there again.
King. Make choice, and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial *Love*, that god moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?
1 *Lord.* And grant it.
Hel. (17) Thanks, Sir;—all the reſt is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw Ames-ace for my life.
Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!
2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.
Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great *Love* grant! and ſo I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whip'd, or I would ſend them to the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of

(17) *Thanks, Sir; all the reſt* are *mute*] All the reſt are mute? ſhe had ſpoke to but one yet. This is a nonſenſical alteration of Mr. *Pope*'s from the old copies, in which, I doubt not, but he thought himſelf very wiſe and ſagacious. The genuine reading is, as I have reſtor'd in the text;

——*All the reſt* is *mute.*

(i. e. as in *Hamlet*,——*The reſt is ſilence*) and the meaning, this. *Helena* finding a favourable anſwer from the firſt gallant ſhe addreſs'd to, but not deſigning to fix her choice there, civilly ſays, I thank you, Sir; that is all I have to advance. I am oblig'd to you for your compliance: but my eye and heart have another aim.

her

her: ſure, they are baſtards to the *Engliſh*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* (18) Fair one, I think not ſo.

Laf. There's one grape yet.———

Par. I am ſure, thy father drunk wine.——

Laf. But if thou be'eſt not an aſs, I am a
Youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power: this is the man. [*To* Bertram.

King. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her; ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it, that our bloods,

(18) 4 Lord. *Fair one, I think not ſo.*

Laf. *There's one grape yet, I am ſure my father drunk wine; but if thou be'eſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.*] Surely, this is moſt incongruent ſtuff. *Lafeu* is angry with the other noblemen, for giving *Helena* the repulſe: and is he angry too, and thinks the fourth nobleman an aſs, becauſe he's for embracing the match? The whole, certainly, can't be the ſpeech of one mouth. As I have divided the ſpeech, I think, clearneſs and humour are reſtor'd. And if *Parolles* were not a little pert and impertinent here to *Lafeu*, why ſhould he ſay, he had found him out already? Or, why ſhould he quarrel with him in the very next ſcene?

Of

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
(19) From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileneſs is ſo;
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair,
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. (20) Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; (21) and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb

(19) *From loweſt place,* whence *virtuous things proceed,*
The place is dignified by th' doers deed.] 'Tis ſtrange, that none of the editors could perceive, that both the ſentiment and grammar are defective here. The eaſy correction, which I have given, was preſcribed to me by the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

(20) ——————Honours *beſt thrive,*
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers.] How nearly does this ſentiment of our author's reſemble the following paſſage of *Juvenal!*

Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da
Quod poſſim titulis incidere, præter honores
Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.
Sat. VIII. ver. 68.

(21) ——————*and as oft is dumb,*
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb,
Of honour'd bones, indeed, what ſhould be ſaid?] This is ſuch pretty ſtuff, indeed, as is only worthy of its accurate editors! the tranſpoſition of an innocent ſtop, or two, is a taſk above their diligence; eſpecially, if common ſenſe is to be the reſult of it. The regulation, I have given, muſt ſtrike every reader ſo at firſt glance, that it needs not a word in confirmation.

Of

Of honour'd bones, indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou can'ſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.
King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.
Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.——
King. (22) My honour's at the ſtake; which to defend,
I muſt produce my pow'r. Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims:
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine anſwer.
Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid; I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now

(22) *My honour's at the ſtake; which to* defeat
I muſt produce my pow'r.] The poor King of *France* is again made a man of *Gotham*, by our unmerciful editors: What they make him ſay, is mere mock-reaſoning. The paſſage muſt either be reſtor'd, as I have conjecturally corrected; or elſe the King muſt be ſuppos'd to break off abruptly from what he was going to ſay, and determine that he will interpoſe his authority. As thus;
My honour's at the ſtake; which to defeat,——
——I muſt produce my pow'r.

The

The praiſed of the King; who, ſo enobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not in thy eſtate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Laf. Your Lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—my Lord? my maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood, without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Rouſſillon?*

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.———

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel, it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

Laf. (23) Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy tryal; which if,—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer——

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o' th' contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

(23) *Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy tryal; which* is, *Lord have mercy on thee for a hen;*] Mr *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*, either by inadvertence, or ſome other fatality, have blunder'd this paſſage into ſtark nonſenſe. I have reſtor'd the reading of the old *folio*, and by ſubjoining the mark to ſhew a *break* is neceſſary, have retriev'd the poet's genuine ſenſe:

——*which* if—*Lord have mercy on thee for a hen!*

The ſequel of the ſentence is imply'd, not expreſs'd: This figure the rhetoricians have call'd 'Ανακόλουθον. A remarkable inſtance we have of it in the firſt book of *Virgil's Æneis.*

Quos Ego—*ſed motos præſtat componere Fluctus.*

So likewiſe in *Terence*;

Mala mens, malus animus; quem quidem Ego ſi ſenſero,——
Sed quid opus eſt verbis? Andr. *Act* I. *Sc.* I.

But I ſhall have occaſion to remark again upon it, when I come to King *Lear.*

Par.

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord!—well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with Lords and honourable perſonages, than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then.—Good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever?

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I've ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery ſteed: to other regions
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it.—
'Tis hard:
A young man, married, is a man that's mar'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but, huſh! 'tis ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Helena *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health; ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but, thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i' th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel.

Hel. I ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate Lady.

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O, my knave, how does my old Lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would, ſhe did, as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to-night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,

To

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o' th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. (24) In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Par.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, ſirrah. [*To* Clown.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Paroiles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir,

(24) Hel. *In every thing I wait upon his will.*
Par. *I ſhall report it ſo.*
Hel. I pray you come, ſirrah.] The pointing of *Helen*'s laſt ſhort ſpeech ſtands thus abſurdly, through all the editions. My regulation reſtores the true meaning. Upon *Parolles* ſaying, he ſhall report it ſo; *Helena* is intended to reply, *I pray you, do ſo*; and then, turning to the *Clown*, ſhe more familiarly addreſſes *him*, and bids him come along with her.

Laf.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? [*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure, given order for our horſes; and to-night, when I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride—and ere I do begin—

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lyes three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard and thrice beaten—God ſave you, Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. (25) You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this

(25) *You have made ſhift to run into't,* boots *and* ſpurs *and all, like him that* leapt *into the* cuſtard.] This odd alluſion is not introduc'd, without a view to ſatire. It was a foolery practis'd at city-entertainments, whilſt the *Jeſter* or *Zany* was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep cuſtard; ſet for the purpoſe, to ſet on a quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh; as our poet ſays in his *Hamlet*. I do not advance this without ſome authority: and a quotation from *Ben Jonſon* will very well explain it.

He ne'er will be admitted there, where *Vennor* comes.
He may, perchance, in tail of a Sherriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme o' th' table, from new-nothing;
And take his *Almaine leap* into a *cuſtard*,
Shall make my Lady Mayoreſs and her ſiſters
Laugh all their hoods over their ſhoulders. ——

Devil's an Aſs, Act I. Sc. I.

of

of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle Lord, I ſwear.——

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common ſpeech Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For preſent parting; only, he deſires Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will. You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my courſe, Which holds not colour with the time; nor does The miniſtration and required office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you, That preſently you take your way for home, And rather muſe, than aſk, why I intreat you; For my reſpects are better than they ſeem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than ſhews itſelf at the firſt view, To you that know them not. This to my mother. [*Giving a letter.*

'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay, But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that, Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd

To

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great. Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much——nothing, indeed ——
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord—'faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you, ſtay not; but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. (26) I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monſieur, farewel. [*Exit.*

Ber. Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, couragio! [*Exeunt.*

(26) Hel. *I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord:*
Where are my other men? *Monſieur, farewel.*
Ber. *Go thou toward home, where I will never come,*]
What other men is *Helen* here enquiring after? or who is ſhe ſuppos'd to aſk for them? The old Counteſs, 'tis certain, did not ſend her to the court without ſome attendants: but neither the *Clown*, nor any of her retinue, are now upon the ſtage: I have not diſturb'd the text, tho', I ſuſpect, the lines ſhould be thus plac'd, and pointed.

Ber. *Where are my other men, Monſieur?*— [To *Par.*] *Farewel:* [To *Hel.* who goes out.
Go thou towards home,—where I &c.

Bertram, obſerving *Helen* to linger fondly, and wanting to ſhift her off, puts on a ſhew of haſte, aſks *Parolles* for his ſervants, and then gives his wife an abrupt diſmiſſion.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, the Duke's Court in *Florence.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with ſoldiers.*

DUKE.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin *France*
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unabled motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
My ſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Roufillon*, in *France*.

Enter Countefs, *and* Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it; fave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obfervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and fing; mend his ruff, and fing; afk queftions, and fing; pick his teeth, and fing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, fold a goodly manor for a fong.

Count. Let me fee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Iſbel*, fince I was at court. Our old ling, and our *Iſbels* o'th' country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Iſbels* o'th' court: the brain of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs reads a Letter.

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate ſon,

Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the miſprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two ſoldiers and my young Lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away.

Enter Helena *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord, is gone, for ever gone.—

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience; 'pray you, Gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of *Florence.*
We met him thitherward, from thence we came;
And after ſome diſpatch in hand at court.
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, Madam; here's my paſſport.

When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off; and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in ſuch a then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, Gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam; and, for the contents ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, Lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,

Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: he was my ſon,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, happ'ly, which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife?
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a Lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs:
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* (27) Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him, that his ſword

(27) *Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.*] This is ſomewhat obſcure in the expreſſion; but the meaning muſt be this, The fellow, indeed, has a deal too much vanity, lying, boaſting; but it holds him much to have ſuch qualities; i. e. it ſtands him in great ſtead, is of great ſervice to him, and what he cannot do without. For theſe were the arts that *Parolles* uſed to get into *Bertram*'s favour; and when once they were diſcover'd, he was ſet a-drift, and undone.

can

can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies. Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Count. and Gentlemen.*

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, *Rouſſillon*, none in *France*;
Then haſt thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piercing air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries, which Nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouſſillon*,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar;
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone:
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Duke's Court in *Florence.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. THE general of our horſe thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing, fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put myſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Rouſſillon* in *France.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. ALas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. *Jaques'* pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify.

His

His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpightful *Juno*, ſent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom Heav'n delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger;
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to be, I've no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction; provide this meſſenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a publick place in *Florence*.

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other citizens.*

Wid. NAY, come. For if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay, the *French* Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſollicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one *Parolles*; a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; (28) their promiſes,

(28) *Their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt*, are not the things they go under;] *i. e.* They are not in reality ſo true and ſincere, as in appearance they ſeem to be. This will be beſt explain'd by another paſſage in *Hamlet*, where *Polonius* is counſelling his daughter.

——————— I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe *blazes*, oh, my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
Ev'n in their promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire.
——————— In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that *dye* which their *inveſtments* ſhew,
But mere implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing, like ſanctified and holy bawds,
The better to beguile.

enticements,

enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *disguis'd like a Pilgrim;*

Wid. I hope so. — Look, here comes a Pilgrim; I know, she will lie at my house; thither they send one another; I'll question her: God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To S. *Jacques le Grand.* Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis*, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as my self.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, Pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France?*

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rousillon:* know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,

As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you, it is ſo?

Hel. Ay, ſurely, mere the truth; I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman, that ſerves the Count,
Reports but coarſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.*

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor Lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting Lord.

Wid. Ah! right; good creature! wherefoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count ſollicites her
In the unlawful purpoſe.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid;
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Drum and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The gods forbid elſe!

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, *Eſcalus.*

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*

Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife! if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt; yond's that ſame knave, (29)
That leads him to theſe paces; were I his Lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i' th' battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.——

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you! [*Exeunt* Ber. Par. *&c.*

Mar. And your curteſy, for a ring-carrier!—

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, Pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jacques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your Lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

(29) —— *Yond's that ſame fellow,*
That leads him to theſe Places.] What *places?* He did not lead him to be *general* of horſe under the Duke of *Florence*; ſure. Nor have they been talking of brothel's; or, indeed, any particular Locality. I make no queſtion, but our author wrote;
That leads him to theſe paces.
i.e. to ſuch irregular ſteps, to courſes of debauchery, to not loving his wife.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your Lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your Lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't; (30) when your

(30) *When your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of* ours *will be melted, if you give him not* John Drum's *entertainment, your inclining cannot be remov'd.*] I conjectur'd, — this counterfeit lump of *oar*, when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd:* Thus it bears a conſonancy with the other terms accompanying, (viz. *metal, lump,* and *melted*) and helps the propriety of the Poet's thought: For ſo one metaphor is kept up, and all the words are proper and ſuitable to it. But, what is the meaning of *John Drum*'s entertainment? *Lafeu* ſeveral times afterwards calls *Parolles, Tom Drum.* But the difference of the Chriſtian name will make none in the explanation. There is an old motley interlude, (printed in 1601) call'd *Jack Drum*'s Entertainment; or, the

your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that *Cæſar*

the *Comedy* of *Paſquail* and *Katharine*. In this, *Jack Drum* is a ſervant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foil'd, and given the ſhop. And there is another old piece (publiſh'd in 1627) call'd APOLLO, *ſhroving*, in which I find theſe expreſſions.

Thuriger. Thou Lozel, hath *Slug* infected you?
Why do you give ſuch kind entertainment to that cobweb?

Scotas. It ſhall have *Tom Drum's* entertainment; a flap with a fox-tail.

But both theſe pieces are, perhaps, too late in time, to come to the aſſiſtance of our author: ſo we muſt look a little higher. What is ſaid here to *Bertram* is to this effect. "My Lord, as you have taken "this fellow [*Parolles*] into ſo near a confidence, if, upon his being "found a counterfeit, you don't caſheer him from your favour, then "your attachment is not to be remov'd". — I'll now ſubjoin a quotation from *Holingſhed*, (of whoſe books *Shakeſpeare* was a moſt diligent reader) which will pretty well aſcertain *Drum's* hiſtory. This chronologer, in his deſcription of *Ireland*, ſpeaking of *Patrick Scafe-field*, (Mayor of *Dublin* in the year 1551) and of his extravagant hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: ſo that *his porter, or any other officer, durſt not, for both his ears, give the ſimpleſt man, that reported to his houſe*, Tom Drum's entertainment, *which is*, to hale a man in by the head, and thruſt him out by both the ſhoulders.

himſelf

himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd,

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet* ——

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieur; if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will preſently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, th'art valiant; and to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee; farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water. —— Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries;

verſies; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almoſt imboſs'd him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your Lordſhip's reſpect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old Lord *Lafeu*; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him, which you ſhall ſee, this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your Lordſhip. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you The laſs I ſpoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her, By this ſame coxcomb that we have i' th' wind, Tokens and letters, which ſhe did reſend; And this is all I've done: ſhe's a fair creature, Will you go ſee her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Helena, *and Widow.*

Hel. IF you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not, how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes,

And

And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.
Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the Count he is my huſband;
And what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.
Wid. I ſhould believe you,
For you have ſhew'd me that, which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That ſhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.
Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtely abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſevere,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſick of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us

To

To chide him from our eaves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us aſſay our plot; which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it.— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, part of the *French* Camp in *Florence.*

Enter one of the French *Lords, with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

LORD.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good Captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. E'v'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'th' adverſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we ſpeak one to another, ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough,

enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick, But couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay, I have done? it muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit; yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the inſtance? (31) Tongue,

(31) *Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myſelf another* of Bajazet's mule, *if you prattle me into theſe perils.*] Why of *Bajazet*'s mule, any more than any other mule? Is there any particular conceit, any ſtory on record, by which that Emperor's mule is ſignaliz'd? If there be, I freely own my ignorance. Tho' I have not alter'd the text, Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd with me in thinking that the Poet probably wrote,

----- *and buy myſelf another of* Bajazet's mute,

i. e. of a *Turkiſh* mute. So in *Henry* V.

Either our hiſtory ſhall with *full mouth*
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like *Turkiſh mute*, ſhall have a *tongueleſs mouth*, &c.

Beſides, as my friend obſerved to me, the antitheſis between a *butter-woman* and a *mute* is tolerably well. If there be any difficulty remains, it is to know, why the Poet has choſen to ſay, *Bajazet*'s mute. To this it may be anſwered, that *Bajazet* the Great, (who was at laſt overthrown by *Tamerlane*;) by his prodigious exploits becoming very famous, for a long time after, amongſt us *Europeans*, his ſucceſſors were called by his name, when they were ſpoke of.

I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myſelf another of *Bajaset*'s mule, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lord. Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* ſword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and ſay, I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel——

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemies; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarm within.*

Lord. Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, valliando par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ranſom, ranſom:——do not hide mine eyes.

[*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.

Par. I know, you are the *Muſkos* regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover that which ſhall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. Boſkos vouvado; I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto*,——Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Manca revuncha dulche.

Lord.

Lord. Oſceoribi dulchos volivorco,

Int. The General is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. *Exit.*

[*A ſhort alarm within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouſſillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muſled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourſelves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Bertram, *and* Diana.

Ber. THey told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*

Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled Goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber.

Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No.
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.
Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true;
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,
But take the High'ſt to witneſs: then, pray tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by *Jove*'s great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſevere.
Dia. I ſee, that men make hope in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world

In

In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My houſe, my honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee. [window;

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may ſo in the end.——
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. (32) Since *Frenchmen* are ſo braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;

Only,

(32) ——*Since* Frenchmen *are ſo braid,*
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid.] This is certainly the moſt cruel reſolution, that ever poor wench made. What! becauſe *Frenchmen* were falſe, ſhe, that was an *Italian*, would marry nobody. But it is plain, as refin'd as this reaſoning is, her mother did not underſtand the delicacy of the concluſion; for afterwards

ſhe

Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the *French* Camp in *Florence.*

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three ſoldiers.*

1 *Lord.* YOU have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince; there is ſomething in't, that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a Lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially, he hath incurr'd the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors; as in the common

ſhe comes into *Helen*'s project, on the promiſe of a good round dow'ry of 3000 crowns, to help her daughter to a huſband. In ſhort, the text is, without all queſtion, corrupted: and we ſhould read it thus.

------ *Since* Frenchmen *are ſo braid,*
Marry 'em *that will, I'd live and die a maid.*

i. e. ſince *Frenchmen* prove ſo crooked and perverſe in their manners, let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a maid than venture upon them. This ſhe ſays with a view to *Helen*, who appear'd ſo fond of her huſband, and went through ſo many difficulties to obtain him. I dare ſay, the fair ſex will think this emendation moſt agreeable to the rules of logic, as well as to the leſs erring dictates of nature. Mr. *Warburton.*

courſe

courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take meaſure of his own judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Rouſſillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fled from his houſe, her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. *Jacques le Grand*; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her death itſelf (which could not be her office to ſay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs: here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to

hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſate in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the ſtocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk; he hath confeſt himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th' ſtocks; and what, think you, he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your Lordſhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles, *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what, will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Boſko Chimurcho.

2 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par.

Par. Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſſing ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant militarift, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid, (I will ſay true,) or thereabouts, ſet down; for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what ſtrength they are a-foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jacques* ſo many; *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thouſand Poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in war; or

whether, he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captain *Dumain?*

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not say him *nay*.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rousillon*, a foolish idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count

to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.
And say, a soldier *(Diana)* told thee this:
(33) Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.
For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it.
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist and the armi-potent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i'th' stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess

(33) *Men are to mell with, boys are* not *to kiss.*] All the editors have obtruded a new maxim upon us here, that *boys are* not *to kiss.*—— *Erixo*, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Tamer tam'd*, is of a quite opposite opinion.

For boys were made for nothing *but* dry kisses.

And our Poet's thought, I am persuaded, went to the same tune; that boys are fit only to kiss; men to mingle with, and give more substantial pleasures. *To mell*, is deriv'd from the *French* word, *meler*, to mingle. I made this correction when I publish'd my SHAKESPEARE restor'd; and *Mr. Pope* has thought fit to adopt it in his last impression.

freely: therefore, once more, to this Captain *Dumain*: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will lye, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty, he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, has led the drum before the *English* tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldiership I know not; except in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'th' same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal

in

in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine?*

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horse, Count *Rossillon.*

Int. I'll whisper with the General and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die; the General says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*
So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, Captain *Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rossillon?* If I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Int. If you could find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you

might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft,
As Captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, *Parolles*, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Widow's House, at *Florence*.

Enter Helena, Widow *and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd
One of the greatest in the christian world [you,
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty *Tartars* bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place
We have convenient convoy; you must know,
I am supposed dead; the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: doubt not, but heav'n

Hath

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower.
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,
(34) Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
(35) *All's well, that ends well*; still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

(34) *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time* revives *us*;] The word *revives* conveys so little idea of sense here, that it seems very liable to suspicion. How could time revive these travelling adventurers? *Helen* could not have so poor a thought as to mean, "tho' we were tir'd "last night, yet repose has given us fresh vigour, and now time re-"vives us for a new fatigue." Can it then have this meaning? The consequences of our enterprize, and the happy issue that may crown it in time, revive our spirits, and animate us to a chearful prosecution. —— Mr. *Warburton* very reasonably conjectures, that we should read,

—— and time revyes us;

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to hasten;

(35) *All's well, that ends well*; *still* that finds *the crown*;] *What* finds? There is no substantive in the preceding branch of the sentence to answer to this relative. But this is the reading only of Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*; I have restor'd the genuine text from the first *Folio*. Our author is alluding to the *Latin* proverbial Gnome; *Finis coronat opus*. And he elsewhere uses the *fine*, to signify, the end, the issue, So *Benedick*, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*.

—— and the *fine* is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchellor.

SCENE changes to *Rouſſillon* in *France*.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. NO, no, no, your ſon was miſ-led with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there, whoſe vaillamous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your ſon here at home more advanc'd by the King than by the red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would coxen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman?*

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *Engliſh* name; but his phiſnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire; but, ſure, he is the Prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſawcineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs hath promis'd me to do it;

and

and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceiv'd againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from *Marſeilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope, I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, the Court of *France*, at *Marſeilles*.

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of *France*.
Gent. I have been ſometimes there.
Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.

With

Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!

Hel. All's well, that ends well yet,
Tho' time ſeems ſo adverſe, and means unfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Rouſſillon*,
Whither I'm going.

Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Rouſſillon*.

Enter Clown, *and* Parolles.

Par. GOOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths; (36) but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo.

(36) *But I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's* mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.*] *Fortune's mood* is, without queſtion, good ſenſe, and very proper: and yet I verily believe, the Poet wrote as I have reſtor'd in the text; —— *in Fortune's* moat; becauſe the clown in the very next ſpeech replies, *I will henceforth eat no fiſh of Fortune's buttering*, and again, when he comes to repeat *Parolles's* petition to *Lafeu*, ——*that hath fall'n into the unclean* fiſhpond *of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is* muddied *withal.* And again, *Pray you, Sir, uſe the* carp *as you may*, &c. In all which places, 'tis obvious, a moat, or pond, is the alluſion. Beſides, *Parolles* ſmelling ſtrong, as he ſays, of Fortune's ſtrong diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame image. For as the *moats* round old ſeats were always repleniſh'd with fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his noſe, we may preſume, proceeded

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's metaphor. Pry'thee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from Fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, Sir, or of Fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. (37) I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

ceeded from this——— because *la Chambre basse* was always over the moat: and therefore the Clown humorously says, when *Parolles* is pressing him to deliver his letter to Lord *Lafeu*.——*Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from Fortune's* close-stool, *to give to a nobleman!*

(37) *I do pity his distress in my* smiles *of comfort,*] This very humorous passage my friend Mr. *Warburton* rescued from nonsense most happily, by the insertion of a single letter, in the manner I have reform'd the text. These *similes* of comfort are ironically meant by the Clown; as much as to say, you may perceive, how much I think he deserves comfort, by my calling him *Fortune's Cat, Carp, rascally Knave*, &c.

Par.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox's my paſſion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, inſooth? and I was the firſt, that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sounds trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. *Enter* King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two* French *Lords, with attendants.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her, (38) our eſteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

(38) ——*our* eſteem.
Was made much poorer by it:——] What's the meaning of the King's eſteem being made poorer by the loſs of *Helen?* I think, it can only be underſtood in one ſenſe; and that ſenſe won't carry water: i. e. We ſuffer'd in our eſtimation by her loſs. But how ſo? Did the King contribute to her misfortunes? Nothing like it. Or did he not do all in his power to prevent them? Yes; he married *Bertram* to her. We muſt certainly read therefore;

We loſt a Jewel of her; our eſtate
Was made much poorer by it:

That's the certain conſequence of any one's loſing a jewel, for their eſtate to be made proportionably poorer according to the value of the loſs. Mr. *Warburton.*

Count.

Gent. 'Tis past, my Liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
(39) Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well—call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relicks of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.
Gent. I shall, my Liege.

(39) *Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth,*] If this reading be genuine, the metaphor must be from any grain, or plant, taking fire: but, I own, it seems more in *Shakespeare*'s way of thinking to suppose he wrote;

Natural rebellion done i'th' blaze of youth,

i.e. in the fervour, flame, &c. So he has express'd himself, upon a like occasion, in *Hamlet*,

——— I do know,
When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These *blazes*, O my daughter, &c.

And so, again, in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*;

For *Hector*, in his *blaze* of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects.———

King.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?
Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your Highness.
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I'm not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stoll'n,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object; thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd:——
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt; but love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our rash faults

Make

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust
Destroy our friends, and, after, weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet *Helen*'s knell; and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day:
Count. (40) Which better than the first, O dear heav'n, bless,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Her's it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't:
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

(40) *Which better than the first, O dear heav'n bless,*
Or, e'er they meet, in me, O nature, cease!] I have ventur'd, against the authority of the printed copies, to prefix the *Countess*'s name to these two lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a favourer of *Bertram*: but if *Bertram* should make a bad husband the second time, why should it give the King such mortal pangs? A fond, and disappointed mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a day: and from her the wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety.

Count.

Count. Son, on my life,
I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it:
In *Florence* was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: (41) Noble she was, and thought
I stood ungag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceast
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in Nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out; if it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so—
And yet I know not—thou didst hate her deadly,

(51) ——— *noble she was, and thought*
I stood engag'd;—] I don't understand this reading; if we are to understand, that she thought *Bertram* engag'd to her in affection, insnar'd by her charms, this meaning is too obscurely express'd. The context rather makes me believe, that the Poet wrote,
——— *noble she was, and thought*
I stood ungag'd;
i. e. unengaged: neither my heart, nor person, dispos'd of.

And

And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away,
[*Guards seize* Bertram.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded*.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in dismal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with herself.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon *a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honours paid to him. He stole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: grant it me, O King, in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,

To

To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek theſe ſuitors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (Lady)
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow, *and* Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Deriv'd from the ancient *Capulet*;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know theſe women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her. [*To* Bertram.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dia.

Dia. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
(42) Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's *Parolles.*
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'th' world, tax'd and deboss'd,

(42) *Conferr'd by testament to th' subsequent issue,*] This is only the reading, I think, of the last editor. I might say, *This in Mr.* Pope's *var is a verse,*—to return him one of his civilities: but I'll content myself with observing, that all the genuine copies read,

Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue,]

So, before, in this play;

Indeed, your O Lord, Sir,——is very sequent to your whipping.

So, in *Troilus* and *Cressida*;

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My *sequent* protestation;

So, in *Hamlet*,

Was our sea fight; and what to this was *sequent*,
Thou know'st already.

And in many other instances, that might be quoted.

Which

Which nature ſickens with: but to ſpeak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think, ſhe has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I muſt be patient:
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late,
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.
Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.
King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you:—
Is this the man you ſpeak of?
Dia. It is, my Lord.
King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable

honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or her's, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King, Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller that owes the ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord, [*To* Bert.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, *and* Widow.

King. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?

Hel. No, my good Lord,

'Tis

H. Gravelot in & del. Vol. 3. P. 99. G. V.dr Gucht Scul

'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the Counteſs.*
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief, [*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport
with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well, and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this ſuit be won,
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.

Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.

Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.

Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*

Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.

A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.

Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.

Malvolio, *a fantaſtical Steward, to* Olivia.

Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, Olivia's *woman.*

Prieſts, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

TWELFTH.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE, the PALACE.

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

IF muſick be the food of love, play on:
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. Enough!——no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute; (1) ſo full of ſhapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio?*

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when my eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart.
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloyſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance.

Duke. O, ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame,

(1) —— *ſo full of ſhapes* is *fancy*,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.] *Shakſpeare* has made his *Polonius* (a character, which he deſign'd ſhould be receiv'd with laughter) ſay,

—— for to define true *madneſs*,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but *mad*,

But there is no parity of reaſon why his Duke here, who is altogether ſerious, and moralizing on the qualities of love, ſhould tell us, that *Fancy* is alone the moſt *fantaſtical* thing imaginable. I am perſuaded, the alteration of *is* into *in* has giv'n us the Poet's genuine meaning; that *love* is moſt *fantaſtical*, in being ſo variable in its *fancies*. And *Shakeſpeare* every where ſuppoſes this to be the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of this paſſion. In his *As You like it*, where what it is to be in love is defin'd, amongſt other marks we have this;

It is to be all made of *fantaſy*.

And in the ſame play, *Roſalind*, ſpeaking of her lover, ſays;

—— If I could meet that *fancy-monger*, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of *love* upon him.

And a hundred other paſſages might be quoted, did the matter require any proof. Mr. *Warburton*.

To

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart
These sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. WHAT country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, Lady.
Vio. And what should I do in *Illyria*?
My brother he is in *Elysium*.——
Perchance, he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat: I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself.
(Courage and Hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolpin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. *Orsino.*

Vio. *Orſino!* I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmur (as you know,
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia*.
Vio. What's ſhe?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd ſome twelve months ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd; for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.
Vio. O, that I ſerv'd that Lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is!
Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the Duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that Nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke;
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.
Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. WHAT a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am; theſe cloaths are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it yeſterday, and of a fooliſh knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer?

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria*.

Mar. What's that to th' purpoſe?

Sir To. Why he has three thouſand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fy, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of Nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels and ſubtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar.

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward, and a coyſtril, that will not drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a pariſh top. What, wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* how now, Sir *Toby Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew!*

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.——

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs *Accoſt*, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. *Marry Accoſt*,——

Sir To. You miſtake, Knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her, woo her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accoſt?*

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

{*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee canary put me down: methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *Pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would, I had beſtowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. (z) O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for, thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature.

Sir

(z) *Sir And.* —— *O, had I but follow'd the Arts!*
Sir To. *Then had'ſt thou had an excellent head of hair.*
Sir And. *Why, would that have mended my hair?*
Sir To. *Paſt queſtion; for thou ſeeſt it will not* cool my *nature.*]
Prodigious ſagacity! and yet thus it has paſs'd down thro' all the printed copies. We cannot enough admire that happy indolence of Mr. *Pope*, which can acquieſce in tranſmitting to us ſuch fluff for genuine ſenſe and argument. The dialogue is of a very light ſtrain, 'tis certain, betwixt two fooliſh Knights: but yet I would be very glad to know, methinks, what Sir *Andrew*'s following the *Arts*, or his *Hair* being *mended*, could have to do with the *cooling*, or not *cooling*, Sir *Toby*'s nature. But my emendation clears up all this abſurdity: and the context is an unexceptionable confirmation.
Sir And. *But it becomes me well enough, does't not?*
Sir To. *Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff*, &c.

I

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: *Diana*'s lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair: some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I my self am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your Lady; yet, a barful strife!
Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse; my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress *Mary?*

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve*'s fleſh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady; make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

[*Exit.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man. For what ſays *Quinapalus*, better a witty fool than a fooliſh wit. God bleſs thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows, take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; beſides, you grow diſhoneſt

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counſel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but patch'd with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if

it

it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower: the Lady bade take away the fool, therefore, I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree.—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know, his ſoul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heav'n: take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the pangs of death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

Oli.

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but madman: fy on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home: What you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool, whoſe ſcull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a moſt weak *pia mater!* ——

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman. Here, —— [*belches.*] A plague o' theſe pickle herring! how now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*, ——

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To.

Sir To. Letchery, I defy letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him, you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him, you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll ſtand at your door like a Sheriff's poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty——I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve; but this is from my commiſſion. I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were ſawcy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than

to

to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, Sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, ſweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the curteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit* Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. (3) Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I wear this preſent: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio.

(3) *Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I wear this preſent: is't not well done?*] This is nonſenſe. My correction, I think, clears all up, and gives the expreſſion an air of gallantry. *Viola* preſſes to ſee *Olivia*'s face: the other

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension, and the shape of Nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my Master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,

other at length pulls off her veil, and says; *We will draw the curtain, and shew you the* Picture. I wear this complexion to-day, I may wear another to-morrow; jocularly intimating, that she *painted*. The other, next at the jest, says, "Excellently *done*, if God *did* all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you say in jest: otherwise 'tis an excellent face. *'Tis in grain*, &c. replies *Olivia*. *Mr. Warburton.*

In

In your denial I would find no ſenſe:
I would not underſtand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal canto's of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
(4) Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no feed poſt, Lady; keep your purſe:
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love,
And let your fervour, like my Maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well: ——
I am a gentleman —— I'll be ſworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon—not too faſt—ſoft! ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man.—How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth,

(4) *Hollow your name to the* reverberate *hills.*] I have, againſt the authority of the printed copies, corrected, *reverberant.* The adjective paſſive makes nonſenſe.

To

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be —
What ho, *Malvolio*,—

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your ſervice.

Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, ſhew thy force; ourſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, the STREET.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

ANTONIO.

WILL you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, ſooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is mere

extravagancy: but I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf: you muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, Sir, with ſalt water, tho' I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once; my boſom is full of kindneſs, and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orſino*'s court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee! I have made enemies in *Orſino*'s court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio, *at ſeveral doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Counteſs *Olivia?*

Vio.

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away your ſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her will is, it ſhould be ſo returned: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this Lady? Fortune forbid, my outſide have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, ſo much, That, ſure, methought, her eyes had loſt her tongue; For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly: She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger. None of my Lord's ring? why, he ſent her none. I am the man——if it be ſo, (as, 'tis;) Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a dream. Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſs, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How eaſy is it, for the proper falſe In womens waxen hearts to ſet their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we, For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be. How will this fadge? my maſter loves her dearly, And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him; And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me: What will become of this? as I am man, My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love; As I am woman, (now, alas the day!) What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe? O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *Olivia*'s Houſe.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. APproach, Sir *Andrew*, not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *Diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it, as an unfill'd can.; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I ſay!——a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. (5) By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In-ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night,

(5) *By my troth, the fool has an excellent* breaſt.] I have been adviſ'd to read, *breath*, here. But the text is, certainly, right without any alteration. The alluſion is not to the clown having a white ſkin, but a good power in ſinging. It was a phraſe in vogue, in our author's time. In a *Spaniſh* vocabulary, printed in Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign, *Aquel tiene linda boz* is thus expounded; *He has a good* breaſt; *i. e.* as we now ſay, good lungs, to hold out in ſinging. So *Ben Johnſon*, in his maſque of *Gipſies metamorphos'd*;

An excellent ſong, and a ſweet ſongſter, and would have done rarely in a cage, with a diſh of water and hempſeed; fine *breaſt* of his own!

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Pilgrim*;

Pray you, ſtay a little: Let's hear him ſing, h'as a fine *breaſt*.

when

when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i' faith: (6) I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy Leman, had'ſt it?

Clo. I did impetticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s noſe is no whip-ſtock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a ſong. ——

Sir To. Come on, there's ſix-pence for you Let's have a ſong.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a ——

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

Sir To. A love-ſong, a love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown *ſings.*

O Miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O ſtay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Ev'ry wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter:

(6) *I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy* Lemon, *had'ſt it.*] But the Clown was neither pantler, nor butler The Poet's word was certainly miſtaken by the ignorance of the Printers. I have reſtored, *leman*, i. e. I ſent thee ſix-pence to ſpend on thy miſtreſs. So, in *Merry Wives of* Windſor;

—— as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow wallnut for his wife's *leman*;

2 *Henry* IV.

A cup of wine, that's briſk and fine,
And drink unto the *leman* mine;

The word was uſed indifferently, to ſignify, either a *miſtreſs*, or *gallant*; as the word, *ſeruer*, ſtood for both ſexes.

What's to come, is ſtill unſure;
In delay there lies no plenty:
Then come kiſs me, ſweet, and twenty:
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance, indeed? (7) Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver? ſhall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't; I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

(7)-*Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw* three ſouls *out of one* weaver?] i. e. by which he ſhall be *thrice* tranſported, or equally tranſported with every one of us *three* fingers. As for *drawing out the ſoul*, this is a phraſe, which, as it ſeems, our author delights to uſe, to expreſs the raviſhing power of muſick. *Much Ado* about *Nothing*.

Now is his ſoul raviſh'd. Is it not ſtrange that ſheep's guts ſhould *hale ſouls out* of men's bodies, *&c.*

But, perhaps, by mentioning *three ſouls*, Sir *Toby* may be hinting at the *peripatetic* philoſophy (the learning then in vogue,) which very liberally gave to every man three ſouls, the *vegitative* or *plaſtic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. I would not imagine that *Shakeſpeare* had no further drift in this, than either to expoſe that ſyſtem, or make a parade of his own knowledge. Thoſe, who are converſant in him, can't but obſerve, that he takes delight on all occaſions to diſplay the great power and force of muſick. And here, in the moſt extraordinary manner, he conveys to us the idea of that power in its full extent as we receive it from poetical relations. For in ſpeaking of it's power, to draw the *three* ſouls out of a man, *viz.* the vegitative or plaſtic, the ſenſative or animal, and the rational or human, he would inſinuate to us all thoſe ſurprizing effects of muſick that the antients ſpeak of, when they tell us of *Amphion* who mov'd ſtones and trees; *Orpheus* and *Arion*, who tam'd the ſavages; and *Timotheus*, who govern'd as he pleas'd the paſſions of his human auditors, by the irreſiſtible force of harmony. —— So noble and extraordinary an obſervation has our author cover'd under the ribaldry of a fantaſtick character. Mr. *Warburton.*

Clo.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call the knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith: come, begin.

[*They ſing a catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her ſteward, *Malvolio,* and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *catayan,* we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *peg-a-ramſey,* and *three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? am I not of her blood? *Tilly vally, Lady! there dwelt a man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O the twelfth day of December,— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My Maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do you make an ale-houſe of my Lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneck up! — [*Hiccoughs.*

Mal. Sir *Toby,* I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that ſhe harbours you as her uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate yourſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, an it would pleaſe you to

take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What, an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, Sir? ye lye: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by saint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoop of wine, *Maria*.——

Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go, shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think, I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar.

Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer; an affection'd aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſuaded of himſelf: ſo cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter; obſerve his conſtruction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, *Penthiſilea.*

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am in a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight: if thou haſt her not i'th' end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome Sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now; come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. GIVE me ſome muſick; now, good morrow, friends:
Now, good *Ceſario*, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong, we heard laſt night;
Methought, it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte the jeſter, my Lord, a fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* Curio. [*Muſick.*
Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio.

Vio. It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where love is thron'd.
Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?
Vio. About your years, my Lord.
Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my Lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes, whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the ſong we had laſt night.—
Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, Sir?
Duke. I pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, O! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleaſure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal! (8) I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that

(8) *I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every where, and their intent* every *where*, &c.] Mr. *Warburton* ſuſpects this place to have ſuffer'd under the indolence of editors: and therefore, tho' I have not diſturb'd the text, I think it very proper to ſubjoin his emendation, and reaſons for it.

"Not only the *Antitheſis* (which is no mean conſideration, when "the queſtion is on *Shakeſpeare*'s writings;) but the ſenſe requires, "we ſhould read;

that their buſineſs might be every where, and their intent no *where*, &c.

"Becauſe,

that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more, *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts, that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That Nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir,——

Duke. It cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you muſt.
Say, that ſome Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo: muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duke. There is no women's ſides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe,
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

" Becauſe, a man, that ſuffers himſelf to run with every wind, and " ſo makes his buſineſs every where, cannot be ſaid to have any *In-* " *tent*; for that word ſignifies a determination of the mind to ſome- " thing. Beſides, the concluſion, of *making a good* voyage out of " nothing,—evidently directs to this emendation.

Duke.

Duke. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: ſhe never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: (9) ſhe pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more, but, indeed,
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theam.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel: ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

(9) —— *She pined in thought;*
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſate like Patience *on a monument,*
Smiling at Grief.] This very fine image, which has been ſo univerſally applauded, it is not impoſſible but our Author might originally have borrow'd from CHAUCER in his *Aſſembly of Foules*.

And her beſidis wonder diſcretlie,
Dame *Pacience yſittinge* there I fonde
With *face pale*, upon an *hill* of *ſonde*.

If he was indebted, however, for the firſt rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt in heightning the picture! How much does the *green* and *yellow melancholy* tranſcend the Old Bard's *face pale*; the *monument*, his *hill* of *ſand*; and what an additional beauty is *ſmiling at Grief*, for which there are no ground, nor traces, in the original! Our Author has given us this fine picture again in another place, but, to ſhew the power and extent of his genius, with features and lineaments varied.

—— yet thou
Do'ſt look like *Patience*, *gazing* on *Kings* '*graves*,
And *ſmiling* [harſh] extremity out of act.
Pericles, *Prince of* Tyre.

This abſurd old play, I have elſewhere taken notice, was not entirely of our Author's penning; but he has honour'd it with a number of maſter-touches, ſo peculiar to himſelf, that a knowing reader may with eaſe and certainty diſtinguiſh the traces of his pencil.

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Olivia*'s Garden.

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. COME thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue, ſhall we not, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio*'s coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th ſun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half hour. Obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! lie thou there; for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling.

[*Throws down a letter, and Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, ſhe did affect me; and I have heard herſelf come thus near, that ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.

Fab.

Fab. Oh, peace; contemplation makes a rare Turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could ſo beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*,——

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the *Strachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fy on him, *Jezebel!*

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate ——

Sir To. O for a ſtone-bow, to hit him in the eye!—

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* ſleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs —— to aſk for my uncle *Toby* ——

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient ſtart make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtſies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controll.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

Mal.

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having caſt me on your niece, give me this prerogative of ſpeech.——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh Knight ——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*, ——

Sir And. I knew it was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes; her very phraſes: by your leave, wax. Soft! and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my Lady: to whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man muſt know.* No man muſt know—— what follows? the number's alter'd — no man muſt know—if this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but ſilence, like a* Lucrece *knife,*

With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life——nay, but firſt let me ſee——let me ſee——

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obſtruction in this—and the end—what ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? ſoftly—*M. O. A. I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M——*Malvolio*——*M.*——why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; that ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.——this ſimulation is not as the former—and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters is in my name. Soft, here follows proſe—— *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatneſs; ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them; and to inure thyſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus*

adviſes

adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſhed to ſee thee ever croſs garter'd. I ſay, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter ſervices with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champian diſcovers no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I do not now fool my ſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts her ſelf to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. *Jove*, and my ſtars be prais'd!—Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou can'ſt not chuſe but know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.*——*Jove*, I thank thee! I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *Olivia's* Garden.

Enter Viola, *and* Clown.

VIOLA.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy muſick: doſt thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the King lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the church ſtands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ſtand by the church.

Clo.

Clo. You have said, Sir: to see this age!—(10) A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would, it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady *Olivia* has no folly; she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino*'s.

(10) *A sentence is but a* chev'ril *glove to a good wit;*] Mr. *Pope*, in his first edition of *Shakespeare*, to shew the world the depth of his learning, inform'd us in a gloss that *cheveril* meant *tender* from *cheverillus*, a young cock, a chick. But I never heard yet of any *glove* or *leather* made of a *cockrel*'s skin; and believe, it will hardly come into experiment in Mr. *Pope*'s or my time. The etymology is therefore to be disputed. I shew'd in my SHAKESPEARE *restor'd*, that *cheveril* leather is made of the skin of a *kid*, or *goat*; which was called by the LATINES, *Caprillus*; by the ITALIANS, *Chevretto*; and by the FRENCH, *Chevreul*; from which last, our word *cheveril* is immediately deduced. Mr. *Pope* in his last edition has suffer'd himself to be inform'd; and embraced these derivations.

Clo.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the ſun; it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, Sir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your maſter, as with my miſtreſs: I think, I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now, *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almoſt ſick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Creſſida* was a beggar. (11) My Lady is within, Sir, I will conſter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might ſay, element; but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wiſe-man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe men's, folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

(11) Creſſida *was a beggar.*) The Poet in this circumſtance undoubtedly had his eye on CHAUCER's *Teſtament of* Creſeide. *Cupid*, to revenge her prophanation againſt his deity, calls in the planetary gods to aſſiſt him in his vengeance. They inſtantly turn her mirth into melancholy, her health into ſickneſs, her beauty into deformity, and in the end pronounce this ſentence upon her;

Thus ſhalt thou go *begging* fro hous to hous,
With cuppe and clappis like a Lazarous

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman. (12)

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; votre ſerviteur.

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. Will you encounter the houſe? my niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria. Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

(12) *Sir* Tob. *Save you, gentleman.*
Vio. *And you, Sir.*
Sir And. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.
Vio. Et vous auſſi; votre ſerviteur.
Sir And. *I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.*]

I have ventur'd to make the two knights change ſpeeches in this dialogue with *Viola*; and, I think, not without good reaſon. It were a prepoſterous forgetfulneſs in the Poet, and out of all probability, to make Sir *Andrew* not only ſpeak *French*, but underſtand what is ſaid to him in it, who in the firſt act did not know the *Engliſh* of *Pourquoy*.

Oli.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. *Ceſario* is your ſervant's name, fair Princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are ſervant to the Duke *Orſino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;—
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another ſuit,
I'd rather hear you to ſollicit that,
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear Lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment, you did hear,
A ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

And

And yet when wit and youth are come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.
Vio. Then, weſtward hoe:—
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your Ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?
Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'ſt of me?
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wiſh it might for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon,
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought is good; but given, unſought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to an apartment in OLIVIA's houſe.

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. NO, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the Duke's ſerving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't, i' th' orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men ſince before *Noah* was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, and with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the North of my Lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Browniſt* as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight

fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece ſhall take note of it; and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention; (13) taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lyes as will lie in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*; ſet 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong or ſo.

(13) *Taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou* thou'ſt *him ſome thrice,*] There is no doubt, I think, but this paſſage is one of thoſe, in which our author intended to ſhew his reſpect for Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and a deteſtation of the virulence of his proſecutors. The words quoted, ſeem to me directly levell'd at the Attorney General *Coke*, who in the trial of Sir *Walter*, attack'd him with all the following indecent expreſſions.—"All that he did was by thy inſti"gation, *thou* viper; for I *thou* thee, *thou* traytor!" (Here, by the way, are the Poet's *three* thou's.) "You are an odious man.—"Is he baſe? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf."—"damnable atheiſt!"—"Thou art a monſter; thou haſt an "*Engliſh* face, but a *Spaniſh* heart."—"Thou haſt a *Spaniſh* "heart, and thyſelf art a ſpider of hell."—"Go to,—I will "lay thee on thy back for the confident'ſt traytor that ever came at "a bar," &c. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the Poet ſatyrically preſcribes to Sir *Andrew*'s ink? And how mean an opinion *Shakeſpeare* had of theſe petulant invectives, is pretty evident from his cloſe of this ſpeech; *Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a* gooſe-pen, *no matter.*—A keener lash at the Attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the Attorney threw at the priſoner as a ſuppos'd traytor!

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite, the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned heathen, a very Renegado? for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'th' church: I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my Lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you.
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
(More ſharp than filed ſteel,) did ſpur me forth;

And

And not all love to see you, (tho' so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)
But jealousy what might befal your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
(14) I can no other answer make, but thanks;
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the relicks of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies,
I did some service, of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

(14) *I can no other answer make but thanks,*
And thanks: and ever-oft *good turns*
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;] It must be obvious to every reader, who has the least knowledge in versification, that the second line is too short by a whole foot; however the editors have indolently passed it over without suspicion. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double adverb, *ever-oft*, which seems to have as much propriety as, *always-sometimes*? As I have restor'd the passage, it is very much in our author's manner, and mode of expression. So, in *Cymbeline*;

——now Sir, how I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay *still*.

And in *All's well, that Ends well*.

And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will *over pay*, and *pay again*
When I have found it.

Ant. Th' offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffick's ſake,
Moſt of our city did. Only myſelf ſtood out;
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purſe.
In the ſouth ſuburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.——

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Olivia*'s Houſe.

Enter Olivia, *and* Maria.

Oli. (15) I Have ſent after him; ſay, he will come;
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud.——

Where

(15) *I have ſent after him*; he ſays he'll *come*.] But who did he ſay ſo to? Or from whom could my Lady have any ſuch intelligence? Her ſervant, employed upon this errand, was not yet returned; and, when he does return, he brings word, that the youth would hardly be intreated back. I am perſuaded, ſhe was intended rather to be in ſuſpenſe, and deliberating with herſelf: putting the ſuppoſition that he would come; and aſking herſelf, in that caſe, how ſhe ſhould entertain him. I imagine therefore the Poet wrote,

——— Say, he will *come*;

So

Where is *Malvolio?* he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio?*

Mar. He's coming, Madam: but in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile: your Ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come; for, ſure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad, Lady? I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood; this croſs-gartering; but what of that? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know that ſweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio?*

Mal. At your requeſt?
Yes, nightingales anſwer daws!

So *Viola*, before, in this play;
Say, *I do ſpeak with her, my Lord; what then?*
So, *Petruchio* in the *Taming of the Shrew*;
Say, that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain, &c.
And in numberleſs other paſſages.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſs;—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Some are born great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatneſs——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them——

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings——

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd——

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Oli. Why, this is very midſummer madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby?* let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſays ſhe;—be oppoſite with a kinſman,—ſurly with ſervants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate,—put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity;—and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove's* doing,

doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when he went away now, let this fellow be look'd to; Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance — what can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well; *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we muſt deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what! man, defy the devil? conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La, you! if you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart — Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O Lord! —

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not ſee, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?——

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good Sir *Toby*; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go hang yourſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things; I am not of your element, you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now, leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleaſure and his penance, 'till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, *and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſeleſs.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kilſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy ſide of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our ſouls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his Lord and my niece confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his

his youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, 'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me that I'll deny,
That honour ſav'd may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend, like thee, might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the Orchard-end; diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, Sir; I am ſure no man hath any quarrel

quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him, what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. (16) Sir, no: his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him; therefore on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this Gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd againſt you,

(16) *Sir, no: his indignation* derives *itſelf out of a very competent injury*;] This error firſt obtain'd from inadvertance, I preſume, in Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition: and Mr. *Pope* has moſt faithfully copied it. I have reſtor'd the genuine reading of the old *Folio*'s:—*his ind gnation* derives *itſelf*, &c. As in 2 *Hen.* IV.

Derives from Heav'n his quarrel and his cauſe.

even

even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of *Illyria:* will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Prieſt than Sir Knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago: I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard and all; and he gives me the ſtuck in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely, as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: *Fabian* can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey *Capilet.*

Sir To. I'll make the motion; ſtand here, make a good ſhew on't; —— this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls; marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him the youth's a devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you

you for's oath ſake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honour's ſake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a Gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you, 'tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put up your ſword; if this young Gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir; why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the Officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your ſword up if you pleaſe. [*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke *Orſino*.

Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well;
Tho' now you have no ſea-cap on your head:
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.

What

What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myſelf: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my having is not much,
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babling, drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, Heav'ns themſelves! ——

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatcht one half out of the jaws of Death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou haſt, *Sebaſtian*, done good feature ſhame.
In Nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.

1 Off.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad, away with him: Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit Antonio with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly, That he believes himself; so do not I: Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true, That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my brother know Yet living in my glass; even such, and so In favour was my brother; and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament; For him I imitate: oh, if it prove, Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, the STREET.

Enter Sebastian *and* Clown.

CLOWN.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow, Let me be clear of thee.

Clo.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neither; nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!——he has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh *Greek*, depart from me; there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand; theſe wiſe men, that give fools money, get themſelves a good report after fourteen years purchaſe.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebaſtian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtrait: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding* Sebaſtian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young ſoldier, put up your iron; you are well fleſh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou now? if thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

Sir To.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*: ——
Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny; beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would thou'dst be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, an Apartment in *Olivia*'s House.

Enter Maria, *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, I pry'thee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilst. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become

come the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good Student; but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, Mr. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; for as the old hermit of *Prague*, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a niece of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: ſo I being Mr. Parſon, am Mr. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. What, hoa, I ſay, —— peace in this priſon!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave. [Malvolio *within*.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my Lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexeſt thou this man? Talkeſt thou of nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well-ſaid, maſter Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think, I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fy, thou diſhoneſt Sathan; I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with curteſy: ſay'ſt thou, that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows tranſparent as baricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the ſouth-north, are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt; I ſay, there is no darkneſs but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog. *Mal.*

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, ——

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas!*

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exit with* Maria.

Clo. Hey, Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my Lady does.*

[*Singing.*

Mal. Fool, ——

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool, ——

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say; ——

Clo. She loves another —— who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio!*

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: the miniſter is here. *Malvolio, Malvolio,* thy wits the heav'ns reſtore: endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas,* ———

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir *Topas.*— Marry, amen. — I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria.*

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, ſome ink, paper and light; and convey what I ſet down to my Lady: it ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [*Singing.*
I'll be with you again

In

In a trice, like to the old vice, (17)
Your need to ſuſtain:
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to another Apartment in OLIVIA's Houſe.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious Sun;
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Anthonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, (18)
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice;——
For tho' my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,

(17) In a trice, *like to the old* Vice.] So in *Ben Johnſon*'s The *Devil is an Aſs*.

What is he calls upon me, and would ſeem to lack a *vice*?
Ere his words be half ſpoken, *I* am with him *in a trice*.

In both theſe places, by *vice*, is meant that buffoon, droll character ſo general in the old Plays, who was dreſt up in a long coat, a fool's cap with aſſes ears, and furniſh'd with a wooden ſword, with which he was as active and wanton as *Arlequin*. But I have explain'd the word and character more particularly in a note upon this line of King *Richard* IIId.

Thus, like the formal *vice*, iniquity, &c.

(18) *Yet there he was, and there I found this* credit,
That he did range, &c.] i. e. I found it juſtified, credibly vouch'd. Whether the word *credit* will eaſily carry this meaning, I am doubtful: the expreſſion ſeems obſcure; and tho' I have not diſturb'd the text, I very much ſuſpect that the Poet wrote;

——— *and there I found this* credent.

He uſes the ſame term again in the very ſame ſenſe in The *Winter's Tale*.

——— Then 'tis very *credent*,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt, &c.

That

That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe;
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſuades me
To any other truſt, but that I'm mad;
Or elſe the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't,
That is deceivable. But here ſhe comes,

Enter Olivia *and Prieſt.*

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace. He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heav'ns ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, the STREET.

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and Lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs; ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that, concluſion to be aſked, is, (19) if your four negatives make your

(19) *So that concluſions to be* as kiſſes,——] Tho' it might be unreaſonable to call our Poet's fools and knaves every where to account; yet, if we did, for the generallity we ſhould find them reſponſible. But what monſtrous abſurdity have we here? To ſuppoſe the text genuine, we muſt acknowledge it too wild to have any known meaning: and what has no known meaning, cannot be allow'd to have either

your two affirmatives, why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. *Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of coveteouſneſs; but, as you ſay, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Antonio, *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the ſmoak of war:

either wit or humour. Beſides, the *Clown* is affecting to argue ſeriouſly and in form. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

So that, concluſion to be aſked, is

i. e. So that the concluſion I have to demand of you is this, if your four, &c. He had in the preceding words been inferring ſome *premiſſes*, and now comes to the *concluſion* very *logically*. You grant me, ſays he, the premiſſes; I now aſk you to grant the concluſion.

Mr. Warburton.

A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loſs
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1 Off. Orſino, this is that *Antonio*,
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he, that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſs, Sir; drew on my ſide;
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou ſalt-water thief!
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. Orſino, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful boy there, by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or reſtraint;
All his in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe myſelf (pure, for his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet;
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my Lord; and for three months before, (No *interim*, not a minute's vacancy,) Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Countess; now heav'n walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.—

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not have, Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*,—

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario?* Good my Lord —

Vio. My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my Lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear, As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, Lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil Lady, To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars My soul the faithful'st offerings has breath'd out, That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my Lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't, (20) Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy,

That

(20) *Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,*
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death
Kill what I love! In this *simile*, a particular story is presuppos'd; which ought to be known, to shew the justness and propriety of the comparison. I'll give the synopsis of it from *Heliodorus*'s *Æthiopics*, to which our Author was indebted for the allusion. This *Egyptian* thief was *Thyamis*, who was a native of *Memphis*, and at the head of a band of robbers. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* falling into their

That ſometimes ſavours nobly;) but hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument,
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breaſted tyrant ſtill.
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*
Vio. And I moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die. [*following.*
Oli. Where goes *Ceſario?*
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife.
If I do feign, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my Lord? *Ceſario*, huſband, ſtay.
Duke. Huſband?
Oli. Ay, huſband. Can he that deny?

their hands, *Thyamis* fell deſperately in love with the Lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a ſtronger body of robbers coming down upon *Thyamis*'s party, he was in ſuch fears for his miſtreſs, that he had her ſhut into a cave with his treaſure. It was cuſtomary with thoſe Barbarians, *when they deſpair'd of their own ſafety, firſt to make away with thoſe whom they held dear*, and deſired for companions in the next life. *Thyamis*, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealouſy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the *Ægyptian* tongue, ſo ſoon as he heard himſelf anſwer'd towards the cave's mouth by a *Grecian*, making to the perſon by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (ſuppoſing her to be *Chariclea*) with his right hand plung'd his ſword into her breaſt.

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my Lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up:
Be that, thou know'st, thou art, and then thou art
As great, as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings:
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest ——

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

Enter Sir Andrew, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send one presently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-cross, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one *Ceſario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Ceſario?*

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; Sot, didſt ſee *Dick* Surgeon, Sot?

Clo O he's drunk, Sir *Toby*, above an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a paſt-meaſure *Pavin*. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him; who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

Sir To. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt* Clo. To. *and* And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinſman:
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard on me, by which,
I do perceive, it hath offended you;

[*All ſtand in amaze.*

Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A nat'ral perſpective, that is, and is not!
Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?
Ant. Sebaſtian are you?
Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, *Antonio!*
Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian?*
Oli. Moſt wonderful!
Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of *Meſſaline*; *Sebaſtian* was my father;
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his wat'ry tomb.
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſsly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, "Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola!*
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.
Vio. And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul;
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumſtance

Of

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but to-day ago,
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons
A natural perspective, that is and is not!
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and torn'd me,
Since I ha

H. Gravelot in & del. Vol: 3. P. 177. G. V.r Gucht Scul.

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump.
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a Captain in this town
Where lie my maid's weeds; (21) by whose gentle help
I was preferr'd to serve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook: [*To* Olivia.
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right-noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To* Vio.
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul;
As doth that orbed continent the fire,
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

(21) —— *by whose gentle help*
I was preferr'd to serve this noble Duke.] Tho' this be sense, and possesses all the printed copies, yet I suspect, from the similitude in the two words *preferr'd* and *serve* (a sameness of sound, which *Shakespeare* would, probably, have avoided;) the copyists, or men at press, committed a slight mistake. When the *Captain* and *Viola* first appear upon the Stage, she says to him;

—— *I'll serve this Duke;*
Thou shalt present *me*, &c.

I therefore believe, the Author wrote, as I have reform'd the Text;

—— *by whose gentle help*
I was preferr'd *to serve this noble Duke*;

So in The *Taming* of the *Shrew*;

—— If you, *Hortensio*,
Or, Signor *Gremio*, you know any such,
Prefer them hither.

So, in *Julius Cæsar*;

Oct. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Serv. Ay, if *Messala* will *prefer* me to you. *Sc. &c. &c.*

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maids garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s suit,
A gentleman and follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves's end, as well as a man in his case may do; h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have giv'n it you to-day morning. But as a mad-man's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man—*By the Lord, Madam,*— [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madness: an your Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *Vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my Princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which, I doubt not, but to do myself much right, or you much shame: think of me as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury,* The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister, as a wife;
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [*To* Viol.
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding;
(And since you call'd me master for so long,)
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister,—— you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, the same: how now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me, why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st thou smiling,

And

And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf and Sir *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir: but that's all one: ——— *by the Lord, fool, I am not mad*; but do you remember, Madam, ——— *why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? an you ſmile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls. Mean time, ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence.—*Ceſario*, come;
(For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown

Clown *sings.*

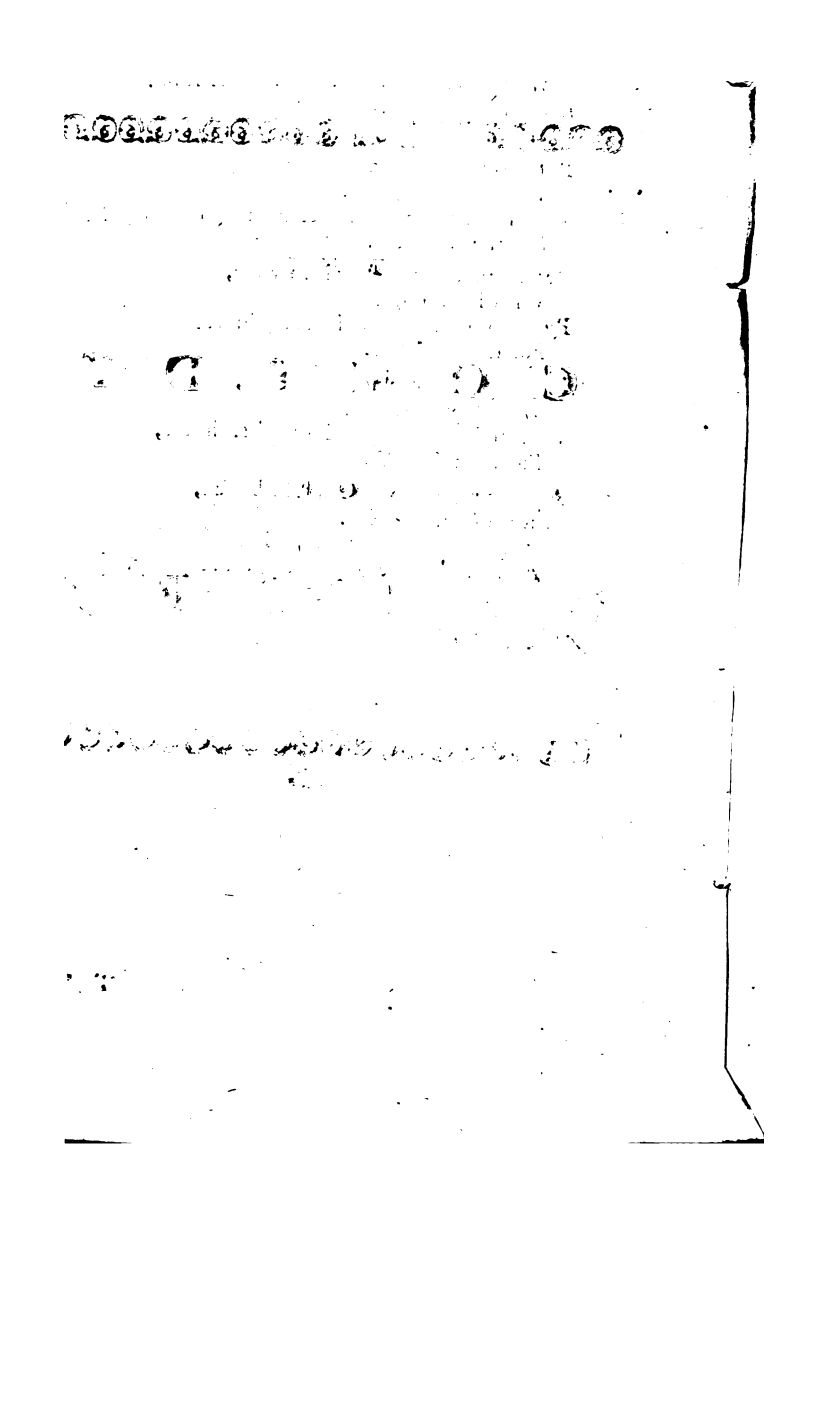
When that I was an a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done;
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.

Antipholis *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*

Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *two* Antipholis's.
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-maſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *Siſter to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

THE

THE (1) COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE, the Duke's PALACE.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, *Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.*

ÆGEON.

PRoceed, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracuſa*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity, and diſcord, which of late

Sprung

(1) *Comedy* of ERRORS.] The controverſy of our Author's acquaintance with the *Latin* tongue has been partly canvaſs'd upon his having writ this Play. "It is in great meaſure taken (ſays "Mr. *Rowe*) from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*. How that happen'd, "I cannot eaſily divine; ſince I do not take him to have been maſ-"ter of *Latin* enough to read it in the original: and I know of no "tranſlation of *Plautus* ſo old as his time"——Thus far, his acquaintance

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods),
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusans* and ourselves,
T'admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs;
Again, if any *Syracusan* born
Come to the bay of *Ephesus*, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
Thy substance valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, *Syracusan*, say, in brief, the cause,

acquaintance with the *Roman* language is rather disputed, than ascertain'd. Let us see, what Mr. *Gildon* has observ'd upon this. "I confess with submission to the writer of his life, that I can find "no such need of divination on this head. For, as it is beyond "contradiction plain, that this comedy is taken from that of "*Plautus*; so I think it as obvious to conclude from that, that "*Shakespeare* did understand *Latin* enough to read him, and knew "so much of him as to be able to form a design out of that of the "*Roman* Poet"——We must find but little to learning a little better grounded. After these Gentlemen comes Mr. *Pope*, and diffidently corroborates Mr. *Gildon*'s opinion. "He appears (says "he) also to have been conversant in *Plautus*, from whom he has "taken the Plot of *One* of his Plays." The *Comedy* of *Errors* is the Play meant here. But tho', perhaps, I may believe our Author better acquainted with the ancient languages, than these three learned men profess to do; yet, with deference to them, his literature will not come into dispute on this account. For the *Menechmi* of *Plautus* was translated into *English*, (which our criticks might have known from *Langbaine*) and printed in *quarto* in the year 1595, half a century before our Author was born.

Why

Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home?
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*.
Ægeon. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd (a)
Than I to ſpeak my grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth encreas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*; 'till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
And made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male-twins both alike:
Thoſe (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return:
Unwilling, I agreed; alas, too ſoon!
We came aboard.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep

(a) *A heavier task could not have been impos'd,*
Than I to speak my Grief unspeakable.] The Poet ſeems to me here to have had in his eye the exordium of *Æneas*'s ſpeech to *Dido*, in the ſecond book of *Virgil*'s *Æneis*.

Infandum, *Regina*, jubes *renovare* dolorem, &c.

Gave

Gave any tragick inſtance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obſcured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, tho' myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weeping of my wife,
(Weeping before, for what ſhe ſaw muſt come;)
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me:
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas waxt calm; and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came——oh! let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done ſo. I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,

Our

Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst.
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwrackt guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me, they live.

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have mark't
To bear the extremity of dire mishap;

Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws, (3)
(Which Princes, would they, may not diſannul;)
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailor, take him to thy cuſtody.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *and Train.*

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liveleſs end.

[*Exeunt* Ægeon, *and Jailor.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *a Merchant, and* Dromio.

Mer. THerefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate,
This very day, a *Syracuſian* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt:
There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee;
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;

(3) *Now truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,*
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not diſannul,] Thus are theſe lines placed in all the former editions. But as the ſingle *verb* does not agree with all the *ſubſtantives*, which ſhould be govern'd of it, I have ventur'd to make a tranſpoſition; and by a change in the pointing, clear'd up the perplexity of the ſenſe.

'Till

'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means. [*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. A truſty villian, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward conſort you 'till bed-time:
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Mer.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit,
The clock has ſtrucken twelve upon the bell;
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek;
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;

You

You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt:
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—ſix pence, that I had a *Wedneſday* laſt,
To pay the ſadler for my miſtreſs' crupper?
The ſadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a ſportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jeſt, Sir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate:
Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock;
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs;
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs and her ſiſter ſtay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where are the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?

E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders;
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks? what miſtreſs, ſlave haſt thou?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the *Phœnix*.
She, that doth faſt, 'till you come home to dinner;
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God's ſake hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villian is o'er-wrought of all my money.
They ſay, this town is full of couzenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye; (4)
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And

(4) *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;*
Dark-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind;*
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;] Tho' I have not diſturb'd the text, the ingenious conjecture, Mr. *Warburton* made to me upon this paſſage, has ſuch an appearance of juſtneſs and likelihood, that I ſhall ſubjoin it in his own words. "Theſe, who attentively "conſider theſe three lines, muſt confeſs, that the Poet intended, "the epithet given to each of theſe miſcreants ſhould declare the "power by which they perform their feats, and which would there-"fore be a juſt characteriſtic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* "jugglers, we are taught that they perform their tricks by *ſlight of* "*hand:* and by *ſoul-killing* witches, we are inform'd, the miſchief "they do is by the aſſiſtance of the devil to whom they have given "their ſouls: But then, by *dark-working* ſorcerers, we are not in-"ſtructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Beſides, "this epithet agrees as well to witches, as to them; and therefore, "certainly, our Author could not deſign this in the characteriſtick. "I am confident, we ſhould read;

Drug-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind;*

"And we know by the whole hiſtory of antient and modern ſuper-"ſtition, that theſe kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes "of the mind by theſe applications. Hence all the ſuperſtition of "love-potions, which in this line is alluded to: And this practice "was ſo common amongſt the *Greeks*, that they gave the name of "φαρμακὸς to this operator: and therefore has *Theocritus* call'd his "ſecond *Eidyllium*, whoſe ſubject is built on this kind of ſorcery, "φαρμακεύτρια. Mr. *Warburton*.

Brabantio, I remember, in *Othello*, where he thinks his daughter's

And many ſuch like liberties of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, the Houſe of *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

ADRIANA.

NEither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and when they ſee time,
They'll go or come; if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſht with woe.
There's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's ſubjects, and at their controlls:
Man, more divine, the maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,

ſenſes and inclinations muſt have been perverted by the *Moor*'s practices, ſpeaks not a little in confirmation of my friend's conjecture.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt *practis'd* on her with foul *charms*,
Abus'd her delicate *youth* with *drugs*, or *minerals*,
That *weaken notion*.———

Indu'd

Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain;
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, did'ſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear, Beſhrew his hand, I ſcare could under-ſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

E. Dro. Why, miſtreſs, ſure, my maſter is horn mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark [mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he.
My mistress, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders:
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating-peasant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

Luc. Fy, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair.

But,

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.

Luc. Self-harming jealouſy!—fy, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpence:
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it, but he would be here?
Siſter, you know, he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled, (5)
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch: yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,

(5) *I ſee the jewel beſt enameled*
Will loſe his beauty; yet *the gold bides ſtill*
That others touch, and *often touching will*
Where *gold and no man that hath a name*,
By *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.*] In this miſerably mangled condition is this paſſage exhibited in the firſt *folio*. All the editions ſince have left out the laſt couplet of it; I preſume, as too hard for them. Mr. *Pope*, who pretends to have collated the firſt *folio*, ſhould have ſpar'd us the lines, at leaſt, in their corruption.——I communicated my doubts upon this paſſage to my friend Mr. *Warburton*; and to his ſagacity I owe, in good part, the correction of it. The ſenſe of the whole is now very pertinent; which, without the two lines from the firſt *folio*, was very imperfect; not to ſay, ridiculous. The compariſon is fully cloſed. "Gold, indeed, bides handling "well; but, for all that, often touching will wear even gold! So, "no man of a great character, even as pure as gold, but may in "time loſe it by falſhood and corruption.

I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtroaks, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix?* waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? when ſpake I ſuch a word.

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, maſter, tell me?

Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that.
Beats Dromio.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanor to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon, When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhime nor reaſon? Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir; what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Left it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry-baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

(6) *Ant.* Why is *Time* ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro.

(6) Ant. *Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?*

S. Dro. *Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.*] Surely, this

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain-dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the money that he ſpends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion: but ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana, *and* Luciana.

Adri. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown, Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:

is mock reaſoning, and a contradiction in ſenſe. Can hair be ſuppos'd a bleſſing, which Time beſtows on beaſts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *ſcanted* them of it too? I corrected this paſſage, as I have now reform'd the text, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has been pleas'd to adopt my correction in his laſt edition. *Men* and *Them*, I obſerve, are very frequently miſtaken *vice verſa* for each other, in the old impreſſions of our Author.

I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst vow,
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf; and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin of my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'ſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
I live diſ-ſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured. (7)

(7) *I live* diſtain'd, *thou undiſhonoured.*] To *diſtaine*, (from the *French* word, *deſteindre*) ſignifies, to *ſtain, deſile, pollute.* But the context requires a ſenſe quite oppoſite. We muſt either read, *unſtain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition a *privative* force, read diſ-ſtain'd, and then it will mean, unſtain'd, undefiled.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk.
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.
Luc. Fy, brother, how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio?*
S. Dro. By me?
Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I, Sir? I never ſaw her 'till this time.
Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.
S. Dro. I never ſpoke with her in all my life.
Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine;
Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate;
If ought poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.
Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theam;
What was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the *Fairy* land: oh, ſpight of ſpights!
We talk with goblins, ouphs, and elviſh ſprights; (8)
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prates thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not? (9)
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.
S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?
Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her, as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;

(8) *We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprights;*] They might fancy, they talk'd with goblins and ſprights; but why with owls, in the name of nonſenſe? or could *owls* ſuck their breath, and pinch them black and blue? I dare ſay, my readers will acquieſce in the juſtneſs of my emendation here: the word is common with our author in other paſſages:

Merry Wives *of* Windſor.

Strew good luck, *ouphs*, on ev'ry ſacred room.

And, again;

Like urchins, *ouphs*, and fairies, green and white.

(9) *Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf?*

Dromio, *thou* Dromio, *ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot,*] In the firſt of theſe lines Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* have both, for what reaſon I cannot tell, curtail'd the meaſure, and diſmounted the doggrel rhyme, which I have replac'd from the firſt folio. The ſecond verſe is there likewiſe read;

Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.

The verſe is thus half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: beſides *drone* correſponds with the other appellations of reproach.

Sirrah,

Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, ſiſter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguiſ'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, the Street before *Antipholis*'s Houſe.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet;
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say, what you will, Sir; but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow;
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an aſs.

E. Dro. Marry, ſo it doth appear (10)
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear;
I ſhould kick, being kickt; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah, Signior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and good welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But ſoft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn.

S. Dro. within. Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch,
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch.
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

(10) *Marry, ſo it* doth *appear*
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.] Thus all the printed copies; but, certainly, this is croſs-purpoſes in reaſoning. It appears, *Dromio* is an aſs by his making no reſiſtance: becauſe an aſs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our author never argues at this wild rate, where his text is genuine.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you muſt not: come again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?

S. Dro. The porter, for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*

E. Dro. O villain, thou haſt ſtoll'n both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadſt been *Dromio* to-day in my place,

Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. within. What a coile is there, *Dromio?* who are thoſe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my maſter in, *Luce.*

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;

And ſo tell your maſter.

E. Dro. O lord, I muſt laugh;

Have at you with a *Proverb.*—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's, when, can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce, Luce,* thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have aſkt you.

S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock, 'till it ake.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. within. Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this *knave* would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.

E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you ſtand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be ſo bought and ſold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, *out, upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be ſo.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this;—your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe,
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner;
And about evening come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of wrath, (11) mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle:
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

(11) *And, in deſpight of* Mirth,] In deſpight of what *Mirth?* We don't find, that it was any joke, or matter of mirth, to be ſhut out of doors by his wife. I make no doubt therefore, but I have reſtor'd the true reading. *Antipholis*'s paſſion is plain enough all thro' this ſcene: and, in the next act, we find him confeſſing how angry he was at this juncture.—*And did not I in* rage *depart from thence?* The circumſtances, I think, ſufficiently juſtify my emendation.

To

To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;
For there's the houſe: that chain will I beſtow,
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there. Good Sir, make haſte:
Since my own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Houſe of *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. AND may it be, that you have quite forgot (12)
A huſband's office? Shall, *Antipholis*, hate,
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's ſake uſe her with more kindneſs;
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs;
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted:
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard-fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas!

(12) *And may it be, that you have quite forgot*
An huſband's office? Shall, Antipholis,
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings *grow ſo ruinate?*] This paſſage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors

Alaſs! poor women, make us but believe, (13)
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:) [not;
Leſs in your knowledge and your grace you ſhow not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit;
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Surely, they did not dream of love made under an old wall? Our Poet meant no more than this. Shall thy love-ſprings rot, even in the ſpring of love? and ſhall thy love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at preſs, as I take it; this ſcene for 52 lines ſucceſſively is ſtrictly in alternate rhymes: and this meaſure is never broken, but in the *ſecond*, and *fourth*, lines of theſe two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monoſyllable dropt from the tail of the 2d verſe, and I have ventur'd to ſupply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture.

(13) *Alas! poor Women, make us* not *believe*, &c.] From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative *(not,)* got place in the firſt copies inſtead of *but*. And theſe two monoſyllables have by miſtake reciprocally diſpoſſeſs'd one another in many other paſſages of our Author's works. Nothing can be more plain than the Poet's ſenſe in this paſſage. Women, *ſays he*, are ſo eaſy of faith, that only make them believe you love them, and they'll take the bare profeſſion, for the ſubſtance and reality.

Oh,

Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, *Siren*, for thyſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think,
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.
S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
S. Ant. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
S. Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will. [*Exit* Luc.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*, where runn'ſt thou ſo faſt?
S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio*? am I your man? am I myſelf?
S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.
S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man and beſides myſelf.

S. Ant.

S. Dro. Faith, I ſaw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*.

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſaphires; declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who ſent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee preſently; poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She, that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch enchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But leſt myſelf be guilty of ſelf-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter Angelo, *with a Chain.*

Ang. Maſter *Antipholis*,——

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;

I

I thought t' have tane you at the *Porcupine*;
The chain, unfiniſh'd, made me ſtay thus long.
S. Ant. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?
Ang. What pleaſe yourſelf, Sir; I have made it for you.
S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I beſpoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times, you have.
Go home with it and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now;
For fear, you ne'er ſee chain, nor money, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*
S. Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtrait away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, the Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

MERCHANT.

YOU know, ſince *Pentecoſt* the ſum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction:
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Ev'n juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you, (16)
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*;

And

(16) *Ev'n juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,*
Is owing *to me by* Antipholis.] Mr. *Pope*, who pretends that he

Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, officer;
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, Sir; you hear the ſuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail.
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Ang. Sir, Sir, I ſhall have law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Maſter, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That ſtays but till her owner come aboard;
Then, Sir, ſhe bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *oyl*, the *balſamum*, and *aqua-vitæ*.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.
E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peeviſh ſheep.
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtays for me?
S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.
E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.
S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.
E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee ſtrait,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*
S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her huſband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* E. Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. AH, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd, you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpight.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me?

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet, would herein others eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

S. Dro. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worſe than hell;
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a fury, pitileſs and rough, (17)
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One, that, before the judgment carries poor ſouls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is arreſted on the caſe.

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well; but he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that I can tell. Will you ſend him, miſtreſs redemption, the money in his deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter. This I wonder at. [*Exit* Luc.
That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt!
Tell me, was he arreſted on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a ſtronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a ſerjeant, a'turns back for very fear.

(17) *A Fiend, a* Fairy, *pitileſs and rough,*] *Dromio* here bringing word in haſte that his maſter is arreſted, deſcribes the *Bailiff* by names proper to raiſe horror and deteſtation of ſuch a creature, ſuch as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, *a wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to theſe terrible ideas? Or with what propriety can it be uſed here? Does he mean, that a bailiff is like a fairy in ſtealing away his maſter? The trueſt believers of thoſe little phantoms never pretended to think, that they ſtole any thing but children. Certainly, it will ſort better in ſenſe with the other names annex'd, as well as the character of a catch-pole, to conclude that the Poet wrote; ——*a Fiend, a* Fury, *&c.* I made this conjecture in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to embrace it in his laſt edition.

Adr.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men ſay,
That *Time* comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the money, bear it ſtrait,
And bring thy maſter home immediately.
Come, ſiſter, I am preſt down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. THere's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; (18) what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new-apparel'd?

S. Ant.

(18) *what, have you got the picture of old* Adam *new apparell'd?*] A ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome accident in copying, or at preſs: otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the paſſage. The caſe is this. *Dromio*'s maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him: He running back with the money, meets the twin *Antipholis*, whom he miſtakes for

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam*, that kept the paradiſe; but that *Adam*, that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-ſkin, that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain caſe; he that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them ſuits of durance; he, that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt.

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night; and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter *Antipholis*.
I ſee, Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the *officer* before the money was come, he cries in a ſurprize;

What, have you got rid of *the picture of old* Adam *new apparell'd?* For ſo, I have ventur'd to ſupply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old *Adam* new apparell'd? The alluſion is to *Adam* in his ſtate of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall, being cloathed in a frock of *ſkins*. Thus he was new-apparell'd: and in like manner the *ſerjeants* of the *counter* were formerly clad in *buff*, or *calves-ſkin*, as the Author humorouſly a little lower calls it.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Satan avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs *Satan?*

S. Ant. It is the Devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, God dam me, that's as much as to ſay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon meat, beſpeak a long ſpoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio?*

S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils aſk but the parings of one's nail, a ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry ſtone: but ſhe, more covetous, would have a chain. Maſter, be wiſe; an if you give it her, the devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo?

S. Ant. Avant, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, ſays the peacock; miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Courtezan.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad;
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reaſon, that I gather, he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chuſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus *with the Jailor.*

E. Ant. FEar me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger.
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.——

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus, *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, Sir, have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope?

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.
[*Beats* Dromio.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would, I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and* Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

(19) *E. Dro.* Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.—— *E. Ant.*

(19) *Miſtreſs* reſpice finem, *reſpect your end, or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's end*] We will endeavour to explain theſe words, as they lie in order. *Reſpice finem* ſeems to come in here oddly enough to make a joke. But I am of opinion, that *Shakeſpeare* might here allude to the laſt words of a famous ſatirical pamphlet, wrote at that time by *Buchanan* againſt the Lord of *Liddington* in Scotch, ending with theſe *Latin* words, *Reſpice* finem, *reſpice* finem. ——Our Author, perhaps, would ſhew, he could punn as well in *Engliſh* as the other had done in *Latin*; and therefore tranſlates, *Reſpect your end*, or *beware the rope's end.* As for the phraſe, *the prophecy like the parrot*, we are to remember the *London* tradeſmen of that time were very fond of this new exotic bird, becauſe he could ſpeak; and, perhaps, almoſt as well as ſome grave citizens. In teaching him the *Lingua*, 'twas no wonder they ſhould delight themſelves in giving him many knaviſh words, as *rope, Scot*, &c. to the offence of many of his Majeſty's *Northern* ſubjects, of whom there are ſuch a number of merry ſtories on record. However the word *rope*, by the bye, was the moſt common word in his language, and, no doubt, the moſt offenſive. And the joke was this; when the parrot had beſpatter'd any one with it, for the wiſe owner to ſay to the offended paſſenger, *Sir, take care*; *my parrot* propheſies. *Butler* hints at this, Canto I. Part 1. ver. 549, ſpeaking of *Ralpho*'s knowledge in augury,

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dromio.
Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?
Adn. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.
Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!
Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecſtaſy!
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.
E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers;
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtráit,
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heav'n.
E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, péace; I am not mad.
Adr. Oh! that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!
E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?
Adr. Oh, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where, would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame!
E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?
E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.
E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out.
E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.
E. Ant. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?
E. Dro. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.
E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?
E. Dro. Certes, ſhe did; the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.
E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots *mean,*
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry, rope! *amd* walk, knave walk.

For by this time they had made many *party* parrots, we may well ſuppoſe. Mr. *Warburton.*

E. Dro.

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.
Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?
Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yeilding to him, humours well his frenzy.
E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.
E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.
E. Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter are poſſeſt;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor, thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters; let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?

Offi. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind* Antipholis *and* Dromio.
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter Doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe. Oh, moſt unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, moſt unhappy ſtrumpet!

E. Dro. Maſter, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good maſter; cry, the devil.——

Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; ſiſter, ſtay you with me.
[*Exeunt* Pinch, Antipholis, *and* Dromio.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, *and Courtezan.*

Offi. One *Angelo*, a goldſmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man; what is the ſum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a chain your huſband had of him.

Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your huſband all in rage to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now)
Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *with his rapier drawn, and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.

Adr.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Antipholis *and* Dromio.

S. Ant. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our ſtuff from thence: I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.
S. Dro. Faith, ſtay here this night; they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.
S. Ant. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, a Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I Am ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt he had the chain of me,
Tho' moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to have.

Good

Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance and oaths ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly;
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forſwore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.

S. Ant Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my houſe.

S. Dro. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe;
This is ſome priory: in, or we are ſpoil'd.
[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm ſorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was:

But

But 'till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference. (20)
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theam;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

(20) *It was the* copy *of our conference.*] We are not to underſtand this word here, as it is now uſed, in oppoſition to an *original*; any thing done after a pattern; but we are to take it in the neareſt ſenſe to the *Latin* word *copia*, from which it is derived. *Adriana* would ſay, her reproofs were the burden, the ſulneſs of her conference, all the ſubject of her talk. And in theſe acceptations the word *copie* was uſed by writers before our Author's time, as well as by his contemporaries. So *Hall*, in his reign of King *Henry* Vth. p. 8. ſays;

If you vanquiſh the *Numidians*, you ſhall have *copie* of beaſts.——
i. e. plenty.

And ſo *B. Jonſon* in his *Every man* out of his humour;

——that, being a woman, ſhe was bleſt with no more *copy* of wit, but to ſerve his humour thus.

And, again, in his *Cynthia's Revels*.

——to be ſure to have daily about him *copy* and variety of colours.

And in many other paſſages of his works.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt,
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himſelf rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.
Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.
Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall priviledge him from your hands;
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholſome ſirups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[*Exit* Abbess.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither;
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution, (21)
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverent *Syracusan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey,

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon *bare-headed; with the Headsman, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.
Duke. She is a virtuous and reverend Lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,

(21) *The place of death and* sorry *execution.*] i. e. dismal, lamentable, to be griev'd at. In the like acceptations our Poet employs it again, where *Macbeth*, after the murder of *Duncan*, is looking on his own bloody hands.

——— This is a *sorry* sight.

Whom

(Whom I made Lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters) this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſp'rately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
With him his bond-man all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs, I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,
He broke from thoſe, that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; 'till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſu'd them;
And here the Abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a Prince's word,
(When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,)
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate;
And bid the Lady Abbeſs come to me.
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf;
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;

My

My maſter preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.
Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to diſfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.
Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds.
Adr. Ay me, it is my huſband; witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter Antipholis, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious Duke, oh, grant me juſtice.
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life, even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.
Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.
E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that woman there;
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Ev'n in the ſtrength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.
Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.
E. Ant. This day, great Duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me;
Whilſt ſhe with harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A grievous fault; ſay, woman, didſt thou ſo?
Adr. No, my good Lord: myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: ſo befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burdens me withal!

Luc.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your Highneſs ſimple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forſworn.
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am adviſed, what I ſay.
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire;
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it; for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him; in the ſtreet I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain;
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not; for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey, and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By th' way we met my wife, her ſiſter, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;

'Till

'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.
Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?
Ang. He had, my Lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.
Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.
E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey-walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heav'n!
And this is falſe, you burden me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think, you all have drunk of *Circe*'s cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirrah, what ſay you?
E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine*.
Cour. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.
E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.
Duke. Why, this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither;
I think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad.
[*Exit one to the Abbeſs.*
Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
Haply I ſee a friend will ſave my life;
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio?*

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?

Æge. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life, 'till now.

Æg. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, truſt me, Sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am ſure, thou doſt.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my ſon *Antipholis.*

E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in *Syracuſa*-bay,
Thou know'ſt, we parted; but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt t'acknowledge me in miſery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo:

H.Gravelot in Vol. 3. P. 239. G.Vdr Gucht Sculp.

I ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracuſan*, twenty years
Have I been patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa:*
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſs, with Antipholis Syracuſan, *and* Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is *Genius* to the other;
And ſo of theſe which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; pray, let me ſtay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

S. Dro. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds;
And gain a huſband by his liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'ſt the man,
That hadſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons?
Oh, if thou be'ſt the ſame *Ægeon*, ſpeak;
And ſpeak unto the ſame *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
Theſe two *Antipholis*'s, theſe two ſo like,
And thoſe two *Dromio*'s, one in ſemblance;
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,
Theſe plainly are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidently are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
If thou art ſhe, tell me where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamnum*.

What

What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.
S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracuſe*.
Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not, which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my moſt gracious Lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moſt famous war-
Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned uncle. [rior,
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
S. Ant. I, gentle miſtreſs.
Adr. And are not you my huſband?
E. Ant. No, I ſay *nay* to that.
S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet ſhe did call me ſo:
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I ſee and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arreſted me.
Ang. I think I did, Sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you money, Sir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio*, but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe errors all aroſe.
E. Ant. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my
good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:
And all that are aſſembled in this place,

That

That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye ſhall have full ſatisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel (22)
Of you, my ſons; nor, 'till this preſent hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered:
The Duke, my huſband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt and go with me;
After ſo long grief ſuch nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt. [*Exe.*

Manent the two Antipholis's *and two* Dromio's.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhip-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou embark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, *Dromio*.
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Antipholis S. *and* E.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

(22) Thirty-three *years*] 'Tis impoſſible the poet could be ſo forgetful, as to deſign this number here: and therefore I have ventur'd to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonſtration. The number, I preſume, was at firſt wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the miſtake might ariſe. *Ægeon*, in the firſt Scene of the firſt Act, is preciſe as to the time his ſon left him, in queſt of his brother:

My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen *years became inquiſitive*
After his brother, &c.

And how long it was from the ſon's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at *Epheſus*, where *Ægeon*, miſtakenly, recognizes the twin-brother for him; we as preciſely learn from another paſſage in the fifth act.

Æge. *But* ſeven *years ſince, in* Syracuſa *bay,*
Thou know'ſt, we parted;

So that theſe two numbers, put together, ſettle the date of their birth beyond diſpute.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-faç'd youth:
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a queſtion:
How ſhall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the ſenior:
'Till then, lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [*Embracing.*
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE

WINTER'S

TALE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillius, *Young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomines, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court *of* Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Goaler.
Servant to the Old Shepherd.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*
Time, *as* Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *Attendant on the Queen.*
Two other Ladies.
Mopſa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdeſſes.*

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Sicilia; *ſometimes in* Bohemia.

THE

THE WINTER's TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE, an Antichamber in *Leontes*'s PALACE.

Enter Camillo, *and* Archidamus.

(1) ARCHIDAMUS.

IF you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot; you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam.

(1) ARCHIDAMUS.] This is a character of that ſort, which the old criticks have call'd Πρόσωπον προλαλικόν, one entirely out of the action and argument of the Play, and introduc'd only to open ſomething, neceſſary to be known, previous to the action of the *fable*. *Donatus*, in his Preface to *Terence*'s Fair *Andrian*, explains this character thus. *Perſona autem* protatica *ea intelligitur, quæ ſemel inducta in Principio Fabulæ, in nullis deinceps fabulæ partibus adhibetur.* "By a *Pro-*"*tatick* character we are to underſtand ſuch a one, as is introduc'd in "the beginning, and never after appears in any part of the fable." Such is *Soſia* in that Comedy of *Terence*; ſuch, *Davus* in his *Phormio*;

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation, which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beſeech you ——

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence — in ſo rare —— I know not what to ſay — we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak, as my underſtanding inſtructs me; and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their incounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho' abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embrac'd, as it were from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves! ——

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one, that indeed, phyſicks the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on,

and *Philotis* and *Syra*, in his *Mother-in-law*. Such are the ſervants of the *Capulets* and *Montagues*, in our author's *Romeo* and *Juliet*: the two gentlemen, who open his *Cymbeline*; the Sea-captain, in the ſecond ſcene of *Twelfth Night*; and (tho' thrown into the middle of the play) of the ſame nature are the gentlemen in King *Henry* VIII; who are introduc'd only to make the narratives of *Buckingham*'s arraignment, and *Anne Bullen*'s coronation.

crutches,

crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one.

SCENE opens to the Presence.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that,
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho'

'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You 'ad drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure,
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this ſatisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong.
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay;
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.
Yet of your royal preſence I'll adventure [*To* Polixenes.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*.
You take my Lord, I'll give him my commiſſion,
To let him there a month, behind the geſt (z)
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, (good deed) *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What Lady ſhe her Lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t'unſphere the ſtars with oaths,

(z) ——— *behind the* geſt
Preſcrib'd for's parting:] I have not ventur'd to alter the text, tho', I freely own, I can neither trace, nor underſtand, the phraſe. I have ſuſpected, that the poet wrote;
——— *behind the* juſt
Preſcrib'd for's parting.
i. e. the juſt, preciſe, time; the inſtant; (where time is likewiſe underſtood) by an *Elleipſis* practis'd in all tongues. It is familiar with us to ſay, *I'll do ſuch a thing* juſt *now*. And in the ſame manner the *French* uſe their adverb *juſtement*, (eo ipſo tempore) *preciſement, a point nomme.*

Should

Should yet ſay, "Sir, no going: *verily*,
"You ſhall not go;" a Lady's *verily* is
As potent as a Lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt? ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her. Not your goaler then,
But your kind hoſteſs; come, I'll queſtion you
Of my Lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my Lord
The verier wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'th' ſun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; th' impoſition clear'd, (3)
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript ſince.

Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's: for

(3) —— *th' impoſition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] i. e. ſetting aſide *original ſin*: bating that impoſition from the offence of our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our innocence to heaven, againſt any guilt committed by ourſelves.

In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!——
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;——
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not,
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, my Lord.
Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you; O, would her name were *Grace!*
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe! when?
Nay, let me hav't; I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſour'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
"I am yours forever."
Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
Th' other, for ſome while a friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot—— [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me —— my heart dances;
But not for joy——not joy.——This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs——and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer; (4) oh, that is entertainment.
My boſom likes not, nor my brows——*Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock; what? haſt ſmutch'd thy noſe?
They ſay, it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm?——how now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.

Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have,
To be full like me. Yet they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing;——but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, ſweet villain.
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop—can thy dam?—may't be——
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' center.
Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams—— (how can this be?)
With what's unreal, thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,

(4) *The* mort *o' th' deer.*] To blow a *mort*, is a hunting phraſe, ſignifying, to ſound a particular air, call'd a *mort*, to give notice that the deer, which was hunted, is run down, and killing, or kill'd.

Thou

Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And that beyond commiſſion; and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.
Pol. What means *Sicilia?*
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction.
Are not you mov'd, my Lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs! and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.
Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole.—My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parraſite, my ſoldier, ſtates-man, all;
He makes a *July*'s day, ſhort as *December*,
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.
Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's

Apparent

Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you will ſeek us,
We are yours i'th' garden: ſhall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Exe.* Polix. Her. *and Attendants.* *Manent* Leo. Mam. *and* Cam.
To her allowing huſband. Gone already,
Inch thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears, a fork'd one.
Go, play, boy, play——thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knel. Go, play, boy, play—there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence;
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will. Should all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't, there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it,
From eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will lie in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thouſand of's
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not. How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they ſay.
Leo. Why that's ſome comfort.
What, *Camillo* there?
Cam. Ay, my good Lord?
Leo. Go play, *Mamillius*——thou'rt an honeſt man:
[*Exit* Mamil.
Camillo.

Camillo, this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions made;
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding-pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower meſſes,
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my Lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfy your Highneſs, and th' intreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo. Satisfy
Th' entreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatisfy?——
Let that ſuffice. I've truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things neareſt my heart; as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd by boſom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that, which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord——

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining

From

From courſe requir'd; or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful; (5)
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my Lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my Lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, beſeech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you ſeen, *Camillo*,
(But that's paſt doubt, you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that do's not think it;)

(5) *I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;*
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world
Sometimes puts forth in your affairs, *my Lord.*] Moſt accurate pointing this, and fine nonſenſe the reſult of it! The old *folio*'s firſt blunder'd thus, and Mr. *Rowe* by inadvertence (if he read the ſheets at all,) overlook'd the fault. Mr. *Pope*, like a moſt obſequious editor, has taken the paſſage on content, and purſued the track of ſtupidity. I dare ſay, every underſtanding reader will allow, my reformation of the pointing has entirely retriev'd the place from obſcurity, and reconcil'd it to the author's meaning.

My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt, confeſs;
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought;) then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe, deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and juſtify't.
Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign Miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, tho' true.
Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meating noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unſeen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is; you lye, you lye:
I ſay, thou lieſt, *Camillo*, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave,
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging

About

About his neck; *Bohemia*,—who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,
How I am gall'd;) thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion,
But with a lingring dram, that ſhould not work,
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: but I cannot (6)
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.——Make't thy queſtion, and go rot:
Do'ſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint myſelf in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
(Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps:)
Give ſcandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,

(6) —— *but I cannot,*
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee. ——

Leo. *Make that thy queſtion and go rot.*] This paſſage wants very little weighing, to determine ſafely upon it, that the laſt hemiſtich aſſign'd to *Camillo*, muſt have been miſtakenly placed to him. It is a ſtrange inſtance of diſreſpect and inſolence in *Camillo* to his king and maſter, to tell him that he has once lov'd him.——But ſenſe and reaſon will eaſily acquit our Poet from ſuch an impropriety. I have ventur'd at a tranſpoſition, which ſeems ſelf evident. *Camillo* will not be perſuaded into a ſuſpicion of the diſloyalty imputed to his miſtreſs. The King, who believes nothing but his jealouſy, provok'd that *Camillo* is ſo obſtinately diffident, finely ſtarts into a rage and cries;

I've lov'd thee.——Make't thy queſtion, and go rot. i. e. I have tender'd thee well, *Camillo*, but I here cancel all former reſpect at once. If thou any longer make a queſtion of my wife's diſloyalty; go from my preſence, and perdition overtake thee for thy ſtubbornneſs.

Without

Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?

Cam. I muſt believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your ſon's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me [*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable Lady! but for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now!
Here comes *Bohemia*.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,

My

My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?
Good day, *Camillo.*
Cam. Hail, moſt royal Sir!
Pol. What is the news i'th' court?
Cam. None rare, my Lord.
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.
Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be inteligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo,*
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.
Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk.
I've look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo,*
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle;) I beſeech you,
If you know ought, which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not anſwer.
Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, *Camillo,*

I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,) that thou declare,
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo.*

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then my beſt blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhun'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this though over (7)
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well

Forbid

(7) Cam. ——— *Swear* his thought *over*
By each particular ſtar in heaven, &c.] The tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter reconciles this paſſage to good ſenſe; which is not ſo, as the text ſtands in all the printed copies. *Polixenes*, in the preceding ſpeech, had been laying the deepeſt imprecations on himſelf, if he had ever abus'd *Leontes* in any familiarity with the Queen. To which *Camillo* very pertinently replies:
——— *Swear* this though *over*, &c.

i. e.

Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake,
The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but, I'm ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lies incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will by two's, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;
Thereon his execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee;
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.——This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him; why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen; part of his theam, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion. Come *Camillo*,

i. e. Sir, though you ſhould proteſt your innocence never ſo often, and call every ſtar and ſaint in heaven to witneſs to your adjuration; yet jealouſy is ſo rooted in my maſter's boſom, that all you can ſay and ſwear will have no force to remove it.

I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs,
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and Ladies.*

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if I were a baby ſtill; I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my Lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a Lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new Prince
One of theſe days; and then you'll wanton with us,

If

If we would have you.
2 *Lady*. She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk; (good time encounter her!)
Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter.
I have one of ſprights and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man——
Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it ſoftly:
Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords*.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd
In being ſo bleſt! There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and ſeen the ſpider.—
Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted: that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For

For them to play at will: how came the poſterns
So eaſily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy; I'm glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.—
Her. What is this, ſport?
Leo. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with: for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.
Her. But I'd ſay, he had not;
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, ſhe is a goodly Lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha,—(theſe petty-brands,
That calumny doth uſe: oh, I am out,—
That mercy do's; for calumny will ſear
Virtue itſelf.) Theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,
(From him, that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be;)
She's an adultreſs.
Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain; you, my Lord,
Do but miſtake.
Leo. You have miſtook, my Lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,

Should

Should a like language uſe to all degrees;
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the Prince and beggar.—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid with whom:
More; ſhe's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? gentle my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No, if I miſtake
In theſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far of guilty, (8)
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping; (as our ſex
Commonly are,) the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all, my Lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's will be perform'd!—

(8) *He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far* off *guilty,*
But that he ſpeaks.] This cannot be the Speaker's meaning. *Leontes* would ſay, I ſhall hold the perſon *in a great meaſure* guilty, who ſhall dare to intercede for her: And this, I believe, *Shakeſpeare* ventur'd to expreſs thus:

He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far of *guilty,* &c.

i. e. partakes far, deeply of her guilt.

Leo. Shall I be heard?——

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highneſs,
My women may be with me. for, you ſee
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord,
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall. My women,—come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exit* Queen, *guarded*; *and Ladies.*

Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your Queen, your ſon.

Lord. For her, my Lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you, (I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.)

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and ſee her, no farther truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord,——

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would, I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: be ſhe honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven; (9)

The

(9) *I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;*
The ſecond and the third, nine; and ſons *five;*
If this prove true, they'll pay for't] The 2d *folio* edition led Mr. *Rowe* firſt inadvertently to fix five ſons upon *Antigonus*, more than the Poet ever deſign'd him: and Mr. *Pope* ſtumbled implicitly into

The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.

Leo. Ceaſe; no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't, how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you, (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in ſkill,) cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,

into the miſtake. But what encreaſes the jeſt, theſe three daughters, and five ſons were *coheirs:* If this was ever according to the laws of *Sicily*, 'tis ſo peculiar, that *Goltzius*, *Fuzellus* or *Cluverius* would have thought it worthy of a ſhort notice. But the reading of the 1ſt *folio* edition, which I have reſtor'd to the text, makes no mention of any ſons, and ſo the girls remain properly coheirs; the eldeſt, eleven years of age; the ſecond, nine; and the third, *ſome* five. I'll ſubjoin two inſtances of this manner of expreſſion from our Author's King *Lear*.

But I have a ſon, Sir, by order of law, *ſome* year elder than this;
For that I am *ſome* twelve or fourteen moon ſhines lag of a brother?

You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo*'s flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only; nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing; all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed) doth puſh on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to ſpeak in publick; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Priſon.

Enter Paulina *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. THE keeper of the priſon, call to him:
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon? now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not? *Re-enter*

Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.

Goa. For a worthy Lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Goa. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have expreſs commandment.
Paul. Here's ado to lock up honeſty and honour from
Th' acceſs of gentle viſitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To ſee her women? any of them? *Emilia?*
Goa. So pleaſe you, Madam,
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Paul. I pray you now, call her:
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt Gent.* &c.
Goa. And, Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.
Paul. Well; be it ſo, pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Emil. As well, as one ſo great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't. Says, my poor priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be ſworn:
Theſe dangerous, unſafe lunes i' th' King! beſhrew
them, (10)

He

(10) *Theſe dang'rous unſafe* Lunes *i' th' King!* ——] I have no where, but in our author, obſerv'd this word adopted in our tongue, to ſignify, *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a mode of expreſſion with the

He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blifter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ſt. We do not know,
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th' child:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there is no Lady living
So meet for this great errand. Pleaſe your Ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.

French.—*Il y a de la* lune: (*i. e.* He has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) COTGRAVE. *Lune.* folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes, *dans la tete.* RICHELET.

Gaol.

Goa. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. NOR night, nor day, no reſt;—it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; mere weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being; part o'th' cauſe,
She, the adultreſs; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Atten. He took good reſt to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go.
[*Exit Attendant.*
See how he fares.—Fy, fy, no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter Paulina, *with a Child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.

Paul. Nay rather, good my Lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. [*within.*] Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded,
None ſhould come at him.

Paul. Not ſo hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words as medicinal, as true;
(Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.

Leo. What noiſe there, ho?

Paul. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your Highneſs.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady.—*Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leo. What? can'ſt not rule her?

Paul. From all diſhoneſty he can; in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beſeech you hear me, who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,

Than

Than ſuch as moſt ſeems yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.
Leo. Good Queen?
Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I ſay, good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But firſt, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! (11) hence with her, out o' doors:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not ſo,
I am as ignorant in that as you,
In ſo intit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt,
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard. [*To Ant.*
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unroosted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy croan.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the Princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

(11) *A* mankind *witch!*] i. e. One as *bold* and *maſculine*, as if ſhe were a man. So in *B. Johnſon's Silent Woman*, when *Moroſe* is teiz'd by his new wife's ſhe-friends, he cries out in deteſtation of their boldneſs;

O *mankind* generation!

And ſo *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Monſieur* Thomas.

I do not bleed; 'twas a ſound knock ſhe gave me;
A plaguy *mankind* girl!

Leo. A neſt of traytors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf. For he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his Queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or ſtone was ſound.
Leo. A callat
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is your's;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my Lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his ſmiles,
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddeſs Nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's.
Leo. A groſs hag!
And lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the huſbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.
Leo. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.
Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul.

Paul. I care not;
It is an heritick that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.
Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis your's: *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit! What need theſe hands?
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leo. Thou, traytor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo:
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, Sir:
Theſe Lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.
Lord. We can; my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leo. You're liars all.
Lords. 'Beſeech your Highneſs give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices

Paſt,

'aſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel——

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.——You, Sir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus.
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy,) to it's own protection
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Chance may nurſe, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this: tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! wolves and bears, they ſay,

(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require; and bleſſing,
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide!
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs.— [*Exit, with the child.*
Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to th' oracle, are come
An hour ſince. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' court.
Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.
Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: this good ſpeed foretels,
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, Lords,
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal Lady; for as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

ACT III.

SCENE, a Part of *Sicily* near the Sea-ſide.

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet, (12)
Fertile the iſle, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

Dion.

(12) *The climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,*
Fertile the iſle——] I muſt ſubjoin a very reaſonable conjecture

Dion. I ſhall report, (13)
For moſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,

jecture of my friend upon this paſſage. —— "But the temple of "*Apollo* at *Delphi* was not in an *iſland*, but in *Phocis* on the continent. "It's plain, the blundering tranſcribers had their heads running on "*Delos*, an iſland of the *Cyclades*. So that the true reading is un- "doubtedly;

The climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the ſoil; ——

"*Soil* might with a very eaſy tranſpoſition of the letters be corrupted "to *iſle*. But the true reading manifeſts itſelf likewiſe on this ac- "count; that, in a deſcription, the ſweetneſs of *air*, and fertility of "*ſoil*, is much more terſe and elegant than *air* and *iſle*.

Mr. *Warburton*.

But to confeſs the truth, I am very ſuſpicious that our author, notwithſtanding, wrote *iſle*, and for this reaſon. The ground-work and incidents of his play are taken from an old ſtory, call'd, The pleaſant and delectable Hiſtory of *Doraſtus* and *Fawnia*; written by Mr. *Robert Green*, a Maſter of Arts in *Cambridge*, in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*: and there the Queen begs of her Lord, in the rage of his jealouſy, *That it would pleaſe his Majeſty to ſend ſix of his Nobles, whom he beſt truſted, to the* iſle *of* Delphos, *there to enquire of the oracle of* Apollo, &c. Another palpable abſurdity our author has copied from the ſame *Tale*, in making *Bohemia* a maritime country, which is known to be inland, and in the heart of the main continent.

(13) *Dion.* ——I ſhall *report*,
For moſt *it caught me*, &c.] What will he *report*? And what means this reaſon of his report, *viz.* that the *celeſtial habits* firſt caught his obſervation? I do not know, whether his declaration of *reporting*, be more obſcure, or his reaſon for it more ridiculous. The ſpeaker ſeems to be under thoſe circumſtances, which his brother ambaſſador in the next ſpeech talks of,

——*So ſurprix'd my ſenſe, that I was nothing.*

But if we may ſuppoſe him recover'd from his ſurprize, we may be aſſur'd he ſaid;

——It ſhames *report*.
Foremoſt *it caught me, the celeſtial habits*, &c.

Cleomines had ſaid, the temple much ſurpaſs'd the common praiſe it bore. *Dion* replies, Yes, *it ſhames* report by ſo far exceeding what report had pretended to ſay of it: and then goes on to particularize the wonders of the place. The firſt thing, ſays he, that ſtruck me, was the prieſt's habits, &c. And, by the bye, it is worth obſerving, that the wonders are particulariz'd in their exact order: firſt, the habits of the prieſts, who were ready to meet enquirers; then, the prieſts behaviour; then, the ſacrifice; and then, the pronouncing the oracle. The reader may ſee *Van Dale* de *Oraculis Ethnicorum*; and be ſatisfied of this.

Mr. *Warburton*.

(Methinks,

(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice ——
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafning voice o'th' oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o'th' journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen, (O, be it ſo!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The time is worth the uſe on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' beſt! theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the buſineſs; when the oracle,
(Thus by *Apollo*'s great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Go; freſh horſes:
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE repreſents a Court of Juſtice.

Leontes, *Lords, and Officers, appear properly ſeated.*

Leo. THIS ſeſſion, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Ev'n puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; —— let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the priſoner. ——

Off. It is his Higneſs' pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon here in court. Silence!

Hermione

Hermione *is brought in, guarded*; Paulina, *and Ladies, attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia, *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign Lord the King, thy royal huſband; the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me,
To ſay, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falſhood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would ſpare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,

How

How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrant I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, fy, upon my grave!
Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.
Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.
Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than miſtreſs of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And why he left your court, the Gods themſelves,
(Wotting no more than I,) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know,
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.
Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not;
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your actions are my dreams.
You had a baſtard by *Polixenes*,

And

And I but dream'd it:—as you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) ſo thou
Sha't feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
(Starr'd moſt unluckily,) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; with immodeſt hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which longs
To women of all faſhion: laſtly, hurried (14)
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my Liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not; no life,——
I pr ze it not a ſtraw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes, (all proofs ſleeping elſe,
By what your jealouſies awake,) I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your Honours all,

(14) ——*laſtly, hurried*
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of Limbs.] This is the reading of Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*. I have reſtor'd, with the old editions;—— *before*
I have got ſtrength of Limit.
i. e. Strength enough for coming abroad, going never ſo little away. So, in *Cymbeline*;
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
To ſtride a *limit*.

I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s name, his oracle.

Her. The emperor of *Ruſſia* was my father,
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Offi. You here ſhall ſwear upon the ſword of juſtice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s prieſt; and that ſince then
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leo. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Offi. Hermione *is chaſte*, Polixenes *blameleſs*, Camillo *a true ſubject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King ſhall live without an heir, if that, which is loſt, be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo!*

Her. Praiſed!

Leo. Haſt thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my Lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' oracle;
The ſeſſion ſhall proceed; this is mere falſhood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord the King, the King,——

Leo. What is the buſineſs?

Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's ſpeed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo.

Leo. *Apollo*'s angry, and the heav'ns themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice.— How now, there?

[Her. *faints.*

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.

[*Exeunt* Paulina *and Ladies with* Hermione.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon
My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour) to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour: how he gliſters
Through my dark ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too.———

Lord. What fit is this, good Lady?

Paul. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling? burning
In leads or oils? what old, or newer, torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe every word deſerves

To

To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealouſies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!) O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing; (15)
That did but ſhew thee of a ſoul inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good *Camillo*'s honour,
To have him kill a King: poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by; whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer; but the laſt, O Lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe! the Queen, the Queen,—
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I ſay, ſhe's dead: I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture or luſtre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant! (16)
Do

(15) *That thou betrayd'ſt* Polixenes, *'twas nothing;*
That did but ſhew thee, of a fool, *inconſtant,*
And damnable ingrateful.] I have ventur'd at a ſlight alteration here, againſt the authority of all the copies. It is certainly too groſs and blunt in *Paulina*, tho' ſhe might impeach the King of fooleries in ſome of his paſt actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *ideot* to his face.

(16) —— *but, O, thou tyrant!*
Do'ſt *not repent theſe things, for they are heavier*
Than all thy woes can ſtir? therefore betake thee

To

Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Paul. I am ſorry for't
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman; he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my Leige,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is loſt too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon;

To nothing but deſpair.] Mr. *Rowe* reads this paſſage thus; but Mr. *Pope* has been pleaſed to add to the abſurdity of it, by an innovation in the pointing. *Paulina* is made, by this notable change, to argue with the King in this manner; *Do'ſt thou not repent of thy actions, becauſe repentance can do thee no ſervice?*—I have reſtor'd the genuine reading of the old copies: And, 'tis evident, *Paulina* is deſign'd to diſcourage him from repentance, on the ſuppoſition of his crimes being too heinous to be forgiven: She therefore bids him abſolutely to embrace deſpair.

One

One grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie, and tears ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come, and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Bohemia.* A deſart Country; the Sea at a little diſtance.

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. THou art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſarts of *Bohemia?*

Mar. Ay, my Lord; and fear,
We've landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent blaſters. In my conſcience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'th' buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits o'th' dead
May walk again; if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another,
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,

And,

And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. "Good *Antigonus*,
"Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
"Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
"Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
"There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
"Is counted loſt for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
"I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs
"Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
"Thy wife *Paulina* more."—And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well! (17)
[*Laying down the child.*
There lie, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins; poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow; weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heav'ns ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour!

(17) —— Bloſſom, *ſpeed thee well!*
There lie, and there thy character.——] The reaſon why the name of *character* is given to the gold mantle and medal, ſeems this: By theſe, her *quality* was to be known. And the *Naturaliſts* and *Botaniſts* pretending, that the *qualities* of every *plant* may be known by its *mark* or *character*, which, they ſay, Nature has impreſs'd on it; after he had call'd the child *bloſſom*, he ſtraight makes an alluſion to that opinion, and ſays,—*thy character*. Mr. *Warburton*.

Well

Well may I get aboard! this is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting—hark you now!—would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? they have ſcar'd away two of my beſt ſheep, which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find than the maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child*] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very pretty bearne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; ſure, ſome 'ſcape: tho' I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry till my ſon come: he hollow'd but even now; whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa! ———

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by land; (18) but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea; for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

(18) *But I am not to ſay, it is a ſea; for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.*] I will not pretend to be poſitive, our Author had *Don Quixote* here in his eye; but *Sancho* facetiouſly ſays ſomething very like this, upon the ſudden mutability of a woman's reſolutions. *Entre el ſi y el no de la Muger no me atreveria yo a poner una punta d' alfiler.* Between a woman's *ay* and *no* I would not undertake to *thruſt a pin's point.* This changeableneſs our Author, in his *Lear* has finely call'd, The *undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will.*

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore; but that's not to the point; oh, the moſt pitious cry of the poor ſouls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land-ſervice, — to ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ſhip, to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

(19) *Shep.* Would I had been by to have help'd the nobleman.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ſhip-ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. —— [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a 'ſquire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; ſo, let's ſee: it was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies. This is ſome changling; open't; what's within, boy?

(20) *Clo.* You're a made old man; if the ſins of your youth

(19) Shep. *Would, I had been by to have help'd the* old *man.*] Tho' all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am perſuaded we ought to reſtore, *nobleman.* The ſhepherd knew nothing of *Antigonus*'s age; beſides, the clown had juſt told his father, that he ſaid, his name was *Antigonus a nobleman*, and no leſs than three times in this ſhort ſcene, the clown, ſpeaking of him, calls him the *gentleman.*

(20) *You're a* mad *old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!*] This the clown ſays upon his opening

youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! —

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecreſy. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that maſk and unfold error; (21)
Now

opening his fardel, and diſcovering the wealth in it. But this is no reaſon why he ſhould call his father a *mad* old man. I have ventur'd to correct in the text:——*You're a* made *old man:* i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treaſure. So our Poet, before, in his *Midſummer-Night's Dream*;

We had all been *made* men:

And ſo, again, in his *Tweifth-Night*;

Go to, thou art *made* if thou deſireſt to be ſo.

So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Elder Brother*;

We're *made* for ever.

And in their *Mad-Lover*;

Sith. O happy I!

Chil. You're a *made* man.

And in a hundred more inſtances, that might be quoted to prove the uſe of the expreſſion.

(21) ——*That make and unfold error.*] This does not in my opinion take in the Poet's thought. Time does not *make* miſtakes, and *diſcover* them, at different conjunctures; but the Poet meant that Time often for a ſeaſon *covers* errors, which he afterwards *diſplays* and *brings to light*. I chuſe therefore to read;

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere antient'ſt order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times, that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my gl'aſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*; and remember well,
I mention here a ſon o'th' Kings, whom *Florizel*
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not propheſy. But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

——— *that* maſk *and* unfold *error.*

To the like purpoſe our Poet in *Meaſure* for *Meaſure.*

Keep me in patience; and with *ripen'd time*
Unfold the evil which is here *wrapt up*
In countenance:

And, again, in his *Lear*;

Time ſhall *unfold* what plaited cunning *hides,*
Who *covers* faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, the Court of *Bohemia.*

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

POLIXENES.

I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me; to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſidered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee, ſpeak no more; whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and children are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince;

what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (miſſingly) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, *Camillo*, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. (22) That's likewiſe a part of my intelligence; and, I fear, the engle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo!* — we muſt diſguiſe ourſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

(22) *That's likewiſe part of my intelligence*] but *I fear, the* angle *that plucks our ſon thither.*] The *disjunctive* here, I think, makes flat nonſenſe of the context: and the editors have palm'd an alluſion in the word *angle*, which ſeems foreign to the ſenſe of the paſſage. As before, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, *angel* is miſtakenly put for *angle*: ſo, I ſuſpect, *angle*, by the ſame eaſy corruption, is here. I have there prov'd the uſe and meaning of the word. I'll proceed briefly to juſtify the emendation I have here made, by ſhewing how naturally it falls in with the ſenſe we ſhould expect. *Camillo* had juſt told the King, he had heard of ſuch a ſhepherd, and of a daughter he had of moſt rare note. *Ay*, replies the King, *that's a part of my intelligence too*; and, *I fear,* [*that daughter is*] *the* ſiren, *the* decoy, *the* invitation, *that plucks our ſon thither.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Country.

Enter Autolicus, *ſinging.*

WHEN daffadils begin to peere,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'th' year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my pugging tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a King.
The lark that tirra-lyra chaunts,
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer-ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved Prince *Florize'*, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of ſervice:

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linen. (23) My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under *Mercury*; who, as I am, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſider'd trifles: with die and drab,

I

(23) *My father nam'd me* Autolicus, *who being, as I am, litter'd under* Mercury, *was likewiſe a ſnapper up of unconſidered trifles.*] The ſlight tranſpoſition I have ventur'd to make of four ſhort monoſyllables in this paſſage, was preſcrib'd by my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton*. The Poet's meaning ſeems to be this. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, becauſe I was born under *Mercury*; who was a thief, as I am. The alluſion is, unqueſtionably, to this paſſage in *Ovid*;

Alipedis *de ſtirpe* dei *verſuta propago*
Naſcitur Autolycus, *furtum ingenioſus ad omne.* Metam. lib. xi.

I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. —— A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see,—Every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the cock's mine.— [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast, three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; (24) three-man song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace—dates—none—that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'th' sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born! [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me ——

The true *Autolycus* was the son of *Mercury*; our fictitious one, born under his planet: the first a copy of his father; the other, suppos'd to derive his qualities from natal predominance. To this *Autolycus*, the son of *Mercury*, *Martial* has alluded in the 8th Book of his Epigrams.

Non fuit Autolyci *tam* piceata manus.

We find his history in *Pherecydes*, *Hyginus*, &c.

(24) Three-man *Songmen all, and very good ones.*] By a *three-man* songster we are to understand, a finger of *catches*; which *catches* were then, and are now most commonly, in *three* parts. So our Author, in second part of King *Henry* IV;

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a *three-man* beetle.

i. e. a *three-handed* beetle, or one used by three men together.

So in an old play, call'd, *The Merry Milk-Maids*;

Smirk. Nay, I'll put in too for my ha, ha, ha.
This is a *three-man*'s laughter.

For the laugh is kept up by *three* persons in the scene.

Aut.

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off theſe rags, and then death, death——

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten: my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir; no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a ſervant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion of the prodigal ſon, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in rogue; ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewel, I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir! your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, (25) let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

(25) *Let me be* unroll'd, *and my name put in the book of virtue.*] Begging gypſies, &c. in the time of our Author were in gangs, that had ſomething of the regularity of an incorporated body. This is alluded to here. From this noble ſociety he wiſhes he may be *unroll'd*, if he does not do ſo, and ſo. Mr. *Warburton.*

SCENE

SCENE, the proſpect of a Shepherd's Cott.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. THESE your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs, but *Flora*
Peering in *April*'s front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cauſe!
To me the difference forges dread; (your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear;) even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vildly bound up! what would he ſay! or how
Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,

Nor

Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' power o'th' King.
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'th' feaſt; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' deſtiny ſay *no*. Be merry, (Gentle,)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.
Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*

Flo. See, your gueſts approach;
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fy, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and ſervant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing ſhe took to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to's welcome, for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'th' feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.
Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Pol. *and* Cam.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſſhip o'th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe flowers there, *Dorcas*.—Reverend Sirs,
For you there's roſemary and rue, theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing!
Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the faireſt flowers o'th' ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call Nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which in their piedneſs ſhares
With great creating Nature.
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean; ſo over that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but
The art itſelf is Nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,

And do not call them baſtards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,
And with him riſes, weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle-ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle-age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January* [friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now, my faireſt
I would, I had ſome flowers o'th' ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From *Dis*'s waggon! daffadils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength; (a malady
Moſt incident to maids;) bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, theſe I lack
To make you garlands of, and my ſweet friend,
To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarſe; or if,—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſun paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.

Flo.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, (ſweet)
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo, give alms;
Pray, ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſord; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething, (26)

(26) ——— *He tells her ſomething,*
That makes her blood look on't.] Thus all the old editions corruptedly. I dare ſay, I have reſtor'd the true reading; and the meaning muſt be this. The Prince tells her ſomething, *that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and makes her bluſh.* She, but a little before, uſes a like expreſſion to deſcribe the Prince's ſincerity, which appear'd in the honeſt blood riſing on his face.

Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood, *which* peeps forth *fairly* through *it*,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd.

I corrected the above paſſage, when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd:* and Mr. *Pope* in his laſt impreſſion has thought fit to embrace the correction.

That

That makes her blood look out: good ſooth, ſhe is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs; marry, garlick to mend her kiſſing with.——

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners; come, ſtrike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays, he loves my daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing, though I report it
That ſhould be ſilent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he ſhall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has

has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids, ſo without bawdry, (which is ſtrange) with ſuch delicate burdens of dil-do's and fa-ding's: jump her and thump her: and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns; why, he ſings 'em over, as they were gods and goddeſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand, and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlers that have more in them than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes,
Maſks for faces and for noſes;
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry.
Come buy, &c.

Clo.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tatling before all our gueſts? 'tis well, they are whiſpring: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are ſure, they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money bags at a burden; and how ſhe long'd to eat adder's heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs *Tale-porter*, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fiſh that appear'd upon the coaſt, on *Wedneſday* the fourſcore of *April*, forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true, too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.——

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of *two maids wooing a man*; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month a-go.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Aut. Get you hence, for I muſt go,
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. Whither?
Mop. O whither?
Dor. Whither?
Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. Me too, let me go thither:
Mop. Or thou goeſt to th' grange, or mill,
Dor. If to either, thou doſt ill:
Aut. Neither.
Dor. What neither?
Aut. Neither.
Dor. Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;
Mop. Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:
Then whither goeſt? ſay, whither?

Cla-

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: my father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedler, let's have the firſt choice; follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And ſilk, and thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt ware-a?
Come to the pedler; money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

[*Exit Clown*, Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. (27) Maſter, there are three goat-herds, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds, that have made themſelves all men of hair, they call themſelves ſaltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallymaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o'th' mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe, that refreſh us: 'pray, let's ſee theſe four-threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' ſquare.

(27) *Maſter, there are three* carters, *three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds.*] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two ſpeeches after this, theſe are call'd *four* three's of *herdſmen*. But could the *carters* properly be call'd *herdſmen*? at leaſt, they have not the final ſyllable, *herd*, in their names; which, I believe, *Shakeſpeare* intended, all the *four threes* ſhould have. I have therefore gueſs'd that he wrote;—*Maſter, there are three* goat-herds, &c And ſo, I think, we take in the *four* ſpecies of cattle uſually tended by *herdſmen*.

Shep.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them; He's ſimple, and tells much.—How now, fair ſhepherd? Your heart is full of ſomething, that does take Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your laſs Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this Your lack of love or bounty; you are ſtraited For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know, She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are; The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are packt and lockt Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love Before this ancient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem, Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand, As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it, Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth, or the ſann'd ſnow That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this? How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh The hand, was fair before! I've put you out; But, to your proteſtation: let me hear What you profeſs.

Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all; That were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch Thereof moſt worthy, were I the faireſt youth That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge

More

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He ſhall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No; he muſt not.
Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir, [*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call: thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I'm ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou coap'ſt with——
Shep. O my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy

Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone? [*To* Flor.
I told you, what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [*To* Flor.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. O curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
That knew'ſt, this was the Prince; and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;

Then, 'till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo*——
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th' earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within!——Lift up thy looks!——
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be adviſ'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy; if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; let myſelf and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my Lord,

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Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th' earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within!——Lift up thy looks!——
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy; if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; let myſelf and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my Lord,

Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone? [*To* Flor.
I told you, what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [*To* Flor.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. O curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
That knew'ſt, this was the Prince; and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;

Then, 'till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo*——
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
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Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my Lord,

I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, *Perdita.*——
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Camillo.
Cam. He's irremovable,
Reſolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee. [*Aſide.*
Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'th' love
That I have born your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick
To ſpeak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King,
And thorough him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my direction;
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your Highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontented father I'll ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after that truſt to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on

A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight, make for *Sicilia*;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair Princeſs
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; aſks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs, and his kindneſs: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down; (28)
The which ſhall point you forth at every fitting,
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

(28) *Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down,*
The which ſhall point you forth at ev'ry fitting,
What you muſt ſay;—] Every *fitting*, methinks, gives but a very poor idea. Every *fitting*, as I have ventur'd to correct the text, means, ev'ry convenient opportunity; every juncture, when it is *fit* to ſpeak of ſuch, or ſuch, a point. So, in the *Tempeſt*.

For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.
Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors, who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.
Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o' our birth.
Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.
Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll bluſh you thanks.
Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*——
But, oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! *Camillo*,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our houſe! how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s ſon,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicilia*——
Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The ſcene, you play, were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.——
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool honeſty is! and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; (29) not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army. [Camillo, Florizel, *and* Perdita *come forward.*

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there, So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from King *Leontes*—

Cam. Shall ſatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

(29) *Not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, &c. to keep my pack from* faſtning.] But theſe wares, all together, would not keep the pack from faſtning, unleſs they crouded it ſo, that it could not ſhut cloſe. The error is as old as the ſecond folio edition, and from thence continued down. Mr. *Pope*, who pretends to have collated impreſſions, might have obſerv'd that the firſt folio has it, as I have corrected, *faſting*. The metaphor is taken from thoſe who have no proviſion left. His pack, as it would hold a great deal, might be call'd a *devouring* pack: and being now emptied of all its *food*, it might figuratively be ſaid to have nothing left to *ſtay its ſtomach*.

All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autolicus.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why, hanging. [*Aſide.*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's nobody will ſteal that from thee; yet for the outſide of thy property, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly: (thou muſt think, there's a neceſſity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half ſtead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? (I ſmell the trick on't.)—

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate miſtreſs! (let my prophecy
Come home to ye,) you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undiſcry'd.

Per. I ſee, the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come, Lady, come: farewel, my friend.

Aut.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King [*Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th'sea-side. [*Exit* Flo. *with* Per.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside,—here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a changling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him.

Shew theſe things you found about her, thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her; this being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the fartheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at the palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. How now, ruſticks, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, and it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lye; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lye; but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel, therefore they do not give us the lye.

Clo. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seeſt thou not the air of the court in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the meaſure of the court? receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, *cap-a-pe*; and one

one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there, whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, and't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant; ſay, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheaſant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men! Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are, Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this farthel and box, which none muſt know but the King; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender,

to offer to have his daughter come into grace! ſome ſay, he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: draw our throne into a ſheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir, do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot infuſion; then raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf, and if it be in man beſides the King, to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; and tho' authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold; ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ſton'd, and flay'd alive.——

Shep. And't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir; but tho' my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope, I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, and

and ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the ſea-ſide, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, *Fortune* would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: gold, and a means to do the Prince my maſter good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to ſhoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE changes to *Sicilia.*

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs. At the laſt,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leo.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heir-leſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man (30)
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparalell'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
Kill'd? ſhe I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon my tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the State, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers (by his Highneſs' fail of iſſue)
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of Majeſty again

(30) *Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man*
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. *Too true, my Lord.*] A very ſlight examination will convince ev'ry intelligent reader, that, *true,* here has jump'd out of its place in all the editions. What the King would ſay, is abſolutely complete without it: and the placing it, where the printed copies have done, is an embarraſsment to the ſenſe. Theſe two reaſons, I hope, will be ſufficient to juſtify my tranſpoſition.

With

With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone; beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* ſaid,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not have an heir,
'Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My Lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary;
Oppoſe againſt their wills.——Care not for iſſue;
[*To the King.*
The Crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaſure from her lips!

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch wives, therefore no wife; one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit (31)
Again poſſeſs her corps; and on this ſtage,
(Where we offend her now) appear ſoul-vext,
And begin, Why to me?——

(31) —— *would make her ſainted ſpirit*
Again poſſeſs her corps, and on this ſtage
(*Where we* offenders now appear) *ſoul-vext,*
And begin, &c.] 'Tis obvious, that the grammar is defective; and the ſenſe conſequently wants ſupporting. The ſlight change I have made cures both: and, ſurely, 'tis an improvement to the ſentiment for the King to ſay, that *Paulina* and he offended his dead wife's ghoſt with the ſubject of a ſecond match; rather than in general terms to call themſelves *offenders*, *ſinners*.

Paul.

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt ſuch cauſe.
Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her; then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina.*
Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never, *Paulina*; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!
Paul. Then, good my Lords, bear witneſs to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unleſs another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.
Paul. Yet, if my Lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, 'till thou bid'ſt us.
Paul. That
Shall be, when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf Prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princeſs (ſhe,
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not

Like

Like to his father's greatneſs; his approach,
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
Leo. His Princeſs, ſay you, with him?
Gent. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.
Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; ſhe had not been,
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you've ſeen a better.
Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe, make proſelites
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.
Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Yourſelf, (aſſiſted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange,
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit* Cleomines.
Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches

Will

Will bring me to conſider that which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
As your fair Princeſs, goddeſs: — oh! alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth (32)
Might thus have ſtood begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I loſt
(All mine own folly) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, (at friend)
Can ſend his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me ſay ſo, more than all the ſcepters,
And thoſe that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee ſtir

(32) *I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth*
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; —] I have ſeveral times hinted how dangerous to ſenſe an innocent *comma* is, in the hands of ignorance. The editors, by a ſtupid pointing here, had ſtifled a fine *hyperbole*, and blunder'd the text into abſurdity. Did the young Prince and his Conſort ſtand betwixt heaven and earth, *ſuſpenſi ad ventos*, as *Virgil* calls it? No ſuch matter. The King's meaning is this; he had loſt a pair of children, who might have ſtood the wonder of two worlds, the objects of admiration to gods and men; as this young Prince and his Princeſs did, in his opinion.

Afreſh

Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs,
Th' adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libya*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your Highneſs; my beſt train
I have from your *Sicilian* ſhores diſmiſs'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in *Libya*, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſue-leſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble Sir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you, Great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me;

Deſires

Desires you to attach his son, who has,
His dignity and duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Leo. Where's *Bohemia?* speak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message: to your court
Whilst he was hastning, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming Lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the King your father.
Leo. Who? *Camillo?*
Lord. Camillo, Sir, I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves, as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.
Per. Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leo. You are marry'd?
Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leo. That once, I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking;

Where

Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry, (33)
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Tho' *Fortune*, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made. —— But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your Honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go towards him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my Lord.
[*Exeunt.*

(33) —— *and as ſorry*
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth, *as be*
That you might well enjoy her,] Mr. *Warburton* thinks, the Poet wrote here;
Your choice is not ſo rich in birth *as beauty,*
Becauſe *Leontes* was ſo far from diſparaging, or thinking meanly of, her worth; that, on the contrary, he rather eſteems her a treaſure, and, in his very next ſpeech to the Prince, ſays:
Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious *miſtreſs,*
Which he counts but a trifle.
I have not, however, diſturb'd the text, becauſe by *worth*, perhaps, the Poet might mean not the endowments of Nature or education; but the royalty of her dower.

SCENE,

SCENE, near the Court in *Sicilia.*

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. BEſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: the news, *Rogero?*

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s ſteward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*,—her jewel about the neck of it,—the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of

of the mother,—the affection of nobleneſs, which Nature ſhews above her breeding,—and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner that it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour, Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then aſks *Bohemia* forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old ſhepherd, who ſtands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many King's reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much, to juſtify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreckt the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in *Paulina!* She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her huſband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fiſh,) was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter; 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an, *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble, there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a peace many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by (34) that rare *Italian* maſter, *Julio Romano*; who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape: he ſo near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoycing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit

(34) *that rare* Italian *maſter*, Julio Romano;] All the encomiums, put together, that have been conferr'd on this excellent artiſt in painting and architecture, do not amount to the fine praiſe here given him by our author. He was born in the year 1492, liv'd juſt that circle of years, which our *Shakeſpeare* did, and dy'd eighteen years before the latter was born. Fine and generous, therefore, as this tribute of praiſe muſt be own'd, yet it was a ſtrange abſurdity, ſure, to thruſt it into a tale, the action of which is ſuppos'd within the period of heatheniſm, and whilſt the oracles of *Apollo* were conſulted. This, however, was a known and wilful Anachroniſm; which might have ſlept in obſcurity, perhaps Mr. *Pope* will ſay, had I not animadverted on it.

of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now had not I the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these cloaths? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lye; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princess my sister, call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the

the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my maſter.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, and it like your good worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How, if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it; and, I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means to prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Paulina*'s Houſe.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, ſovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

Leo.

H. Gravelot. in Vol: 3. P: 337. *G. Vdr Gucht Sculp.*

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content,
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That, which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.
Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep-mock'd death; behold, and ſay, 'tis well!
[Paulina *draws a curtain, and diſcovers* Hermione *ſtanding like a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder; but yet ſpeak, firſt you, my Liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?
Leo. Her natural poſture!
Chide me, dear ſtone, that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this ſeems.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years; and makes her,
As ſhe liv'd now.
Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood;
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; do's not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? oh, royal piece!
There's magick in thy majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the ſpirits,

Standing like ſtone with thee.
Per. And give me leave,
And do not ſay 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.
Paul. O, patience; ——
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.
Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.
Leo. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your fancy
May think anon, it move.
Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already——
What was he, that did make it? ſee, my Lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd; and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My Lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leo. O ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together:
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match

The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.
Paul. I am ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtir'd you; but I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting; ſhall I draw the curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel, or reſolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move, indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then all ſtand ſtill:
And thoſe, that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.
Paul. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike; [*Muſick.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be ſtone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your numbneſs; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you perceive, ſhe ſtirs;
[Hermione *comes down.*

Start not; her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful; do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.
Leo. Oh, ſhe's warm; [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.
Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing; turn, good Lady:
Our *Perdita* is found.
[*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Hermione.
Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
Myſelf, to ſee the iſſue.
Paul. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am loſt.
Leo. O peace, *Paulina:*
Thou ſhould'ſt a huſband take by my conſent,

As

As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine,
But how is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable huſband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion: this, your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King—whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*
Pembroke,
Eſſex,
Saliſbury,
Hubert,
Bigot,
} Engliſh *Lords.*
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppoſ'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatilion, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Niece to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* England; *and, ſometimes, in* France.

The

(1) The LIFE and DEATH of

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE, the Court of *England.*

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Saliſbury, *with* Chatilion.

King JOHN.

NOW ſay, *Chatilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*, In my behaviour, to the Majeſty, The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

(1) *The* LIFE *and* DEATH—] Tho' this Play have this title, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only ſome tranſactions of his reign to the time of his demiſe, being an interval of about ſeventeen years. Of all the *Engliſh* Princes, (as Mr. *Warburton* obſerv'd to me,) that *Shakeſpeare* has taken into tragedy, King *John* was the fitteſt to have made a hero for a tragedy on the ancient plan. *Henry* IV, V, and VIII, had qualities great enough for it, but were generally fortunate. *Richard* II, and *Henry* VI, *(ſit Verbo Venia)* were, at times, little better than poltrons: And *Richard* III. was ſo black a villain, that the ancients would have thought him fitter for a gibbet than a ſtage. But *John* had that turbulence and grandeur of the paſſions, that inconſtancy of temper, that equal mixture of good and ill, and that ſeries of misfortunes conſequent thereto, as might make him very fit for a hero in a juſt compoſition.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!
K. *John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.
Chat. Philip of *France,* in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother *Geffry*'s ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories:
To *Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:*
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young *Arthur*'s hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.
K. *John.* What follows, if we diſallow of this?
Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.
K. *John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer *France.*
Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſy.
K. *John.* Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France,*
For ere thou can'ſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewel, *Chatilion.*
[*Exit* Chatilion *and* Pembroke.
Eli. What now, my ſon, have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody iſſue arbitrate.
K. *John.* Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us.—
Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me;
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.

Eſſex.

Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: ſhall I produce the men?
K. *John.* Let them approach
Our abbies and our priories ſhall pay
This expedition's charge——What men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his brother.*

Phil. Your faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving-hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.
K. *John.* What art thou?
Robert. The ſon and heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge.*
K. *John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems?
Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. *Joh.* A good blunt fellow; why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But, once, he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;

O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.
K. *John*. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?
Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion*'s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large compoſition of this man?
K. *John*. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: ſirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Phil. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land? (2)
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;——
Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be, how he imploy'd my mother.
Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:

(2) *With* half *that face*.] But why with *half* that face? There is no queſtion but the Poet wrote, as I have reſtor'd the text, *With that half-face*—Mr. *Pope*, perhaps, will be angry with me for diſcovering an *Anachroniſm* of our Poet's, in the next line; where he alludes to a coin not ſtruck till the year 1504, in the reign of King *Henry* VII. *viz.* a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bear but half-faces impreſs'd. *Vide* Stow's *Survey of* London, *p.* 47. Holingſhed, Camden's *Remains*, &c. The Poet ſneers at the meagre ſharp viſage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a ſilver groat, that bore the King's face in profile, ſo ſhew'd but half the face. The groats of all our Kings of *England*, and, indeed, all their other coins of ſilver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crown'd; till *Henry* VII, at the time abovemention'd, coin'd groats and half groats, as alſo ſome ſhillings, with half-faces; that is, faces in *profile*, as all our coin has now. The firſt groats of King *Henry* VIII. were like theſe of his father; tho' afterwards he return'd to the broad faces again. Theſe groats with the impreſſion in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I ſaid, the Poet is knowingly guilty of an Anachroniſm in it: for, in the time of King *John* there were no groats at all: they being firſt, as far as appears, coin'd in the reign of King *Edward* III.

But

But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time:
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all huſbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In ſooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him; this concludes,
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed ſon of *Cœur-de-lion*,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert* his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My arms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuft; my face ſo thin, (3)
That

(3) —— *my face ſo thin,*
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, look, where three-farthings *goes!*]

That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, "look, where three-farthings goes!
And to his ſhape were heir to all this land;"
Would, I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot, to have this face:
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to *France*.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. *John.* What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my Liege, ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldeſt ſon.

K. *John.* From henceforth bear his name, whoſe form thou bear'ſt:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but riſe up more great;
Ariſe Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

In this very obſcure paſſage our Poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorouſly to rally a thin face, eclipſed, as it were, by a full-blown *roſe*. We muſt obſerve, to explain this alluſion, that Queen *Elizabeth* was the firſt, and indeed the only, Prince who coin'd in *England* three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the ſame time, coin'd ſhillings, ſix-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence: And theſe pieces all had her head, and were *alternately* with the *roſe* behind, and without the *roſe*. The ſhilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not: the other intermediate coins, *viz.* the ſix-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the *roſe*. This accurate diſtinction I owe to the favour and communication of the worthy and ingenious *Martin Folkes*, Eſq; I'll venture to advance one obſervation, before I have done with this ſubject, that as each of the leſſer of theſe pieces were hardly to be diſtinguiſh'd in ſize from that immediately next to it in value; it was the common practice to deface the *roſe* upon the leſſer coin, to make it paſs for that next above it in price. And this ſerves to give light to a paſſage of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Scornful Lady*.

He had a baſtard, his own toward iſſue, whipt, and then cropt, for waſhing out the *roſes* in *three-farthings* to make them *pence*.

Phil.

Phil. Brother by th' mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
Eli. The very ſpirit of *Plantagenet!*
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me ſo.
Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what tho'?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch:
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well-ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. *John.* Go, *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire;
A landleſs Knight makes thee a landed 'ſquire:
Come, Madam; and come, *Richard*; we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*; for it is more than need.
Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i'th' way of honeſty. [*Exe. all but* Phil.
A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a Lady.
Good-den, Sir *Richard*, — Godamercy, fellow;
And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too reſpective and unſociable
For your converſing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My picqued man of countries;—My dear Sir, (4)
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you,— that is queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer like an A B C-book:
O Sir, ſays anſwer, at your beſt command,

(4) *My piked man of countries.*] Thus Mr. *Pope* exhibits this paſſage, and interprets the word, *formal, bearded.* The old copies give it us, *picked*, by a ſlight corruption in the ſpelling; but the Author certainly deſign'd, *picqued*; (from the *French* verb, *ſe piquer*) i. e. touchy, tart, apprehenſive, upon his guard.

At

At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir:——
No, Sir, ſays queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,——
And ſo, e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would, (5)
Serving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the *Alps* and *Apenninet*,
The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
(And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no:)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;
Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?

(5) *And ſo e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,*
(Saving *in dialogue*—] In this fine ſpeech *Faulconbridge* would ſhew the advantages and prerogatives of *men of worſhip*. He particularly obſerves, that he has the *traveller* at command. (And here we muſt remember the time our Author wrote in; when travellers, by the daily diſcovery of new worlds, were in the greateſt eſtimation.) At the firſt intimation of his deſire to hear ſtrange ſtories, the *traveller* complies, and the anſwer comes as eaſy as an a, b, c, book. Now, Sir, ſays the Knight, this is my queſtion:—The over-ready traveller will ſcarce give him leave to make it, but, *e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would*,—What then? Why, according to the ſtupidity of the hitherto receiv'd reading, it grows towards ſupper-time. And is not this worſhipful ſociety? to ſpend all the time betwixt dinner and ſupper, before either of them knows what the other would be at. So abſurdly is the ſenſe vitiated, by putting the three lines in a *parenthesis*; which, we may ſuppoſe, was firſt occaſion'd by their blunder in the word, *ſaving*, inſtead of the true word, *ſerving*. Now my emendation gives the text this turn; "And e'er anſwer knows what the queſtion would "be at, my traveller *ſerves in* his dialogue of compliment, which is "his ſtanding diſh at all tables, then he comes to talk of the *Alpes* "and *Apennines*, &c. and by the time this diſcourſe concludes, it "draws towards ſupper." All now here is ſenſe and humour; and the phraſe of *ſerving in* is a very humorous one, to ſignify that this was his worſhip's ſecond courſe. Mr. *Warburton*.

What

What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother; now, good Lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s ſon? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir *Robert*'s ſon: why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Robert*'s ſon; and ſo art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Phil. Philip! —— ſpare me, *James*; (6)
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more. [*Ex.* Jam.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confeſs!

(6) —— *Philip*, ſparrow, *James*.] Thus the old copies; and Mr. *Pope* has attempted to gloſs this reading by telling us, that *Philip* is the common name for a tame ſparrow. So that then *Faulconbridge* would ſay, *Call me* Philip? *You may as well call me* Sparrow.——The alluſion is very mean and trifling: and every body, I believe, will chuſe to embrace Mr. *Warburton*'s emendation, which I have inſerted into the text. *Spare me*, and *forbear me*, it may be obſerved, are our Author's accuſtom'd phraſes; either when any one wants another to leave him, or would be rid of a diſpleaſing ſubject. So, in the *Tempeſt*, *Alonſo*, when his companions teaze him with unſeaſonable diſcourſe, ſays;

I pr'ythee, *ſpare*.

So, *Imogen*, in *Cymbeline*, when ſhe wants to get rid of CLOTEN;

—— I pray you, *ſpare me*; faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs.

So in *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, when he diſmiſſes the meſſenger, that brings an account of his wife's death:

—— *Forbear me*;
There's a great ſpirit gone!

And, in *Meaſure* for *Meaſure*, when the Duke would have *Mariana* leave him;

I ſhall *crave your forbearance* a little; may be, I will call upon you anon.

Could

Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We know his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this leg.

Lady. Haſt thou conſpir'd with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?

Phil. Knight, Knight, good mother—*Baſiliſco* like. (7)
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my ſhoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert*, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thyſelf a *Faulconbridge*?

Phil. As faithfully, as I deny the devil.

Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
By long, and vehement, ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!

(7) Knight, Knight,—— *good mother,* Baſiliſco *like.*] Thus muſt this paſſage be pointed; and, to come at the humour of it, I muſt clear up an old circumſtance of Stage-hiſtory. *Faulconbridge*'s words here carry a conceal'd piece of ſatire on a ſtupid *Drama* of that age, printed in 1599, and call'd *Soliman* and *Perſeda*. In this piece there is the character of a bragging cowardly Knight, call'd *Baſiliſco*. His pretenſion to valour is ſo blown and ſeen thro', that *Piſton*, a buffoon-ſervant in the Play, jumps upon his back, and will not diſengage him, till he makes *Baſiliſco* ſwear upon his dugeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms, he dictates to him: as, for inſtance.

Baſ. O, I ſwear, I ſwear.
Piſt. By the contents of this blade,
Baſ. By the contents of this blade,
Piſt. I, the aforeſaid *Baſiliſco*,
Baſ. I, the aforeſaid *Baſiliſco*,
Knight, good fellow, *knight*, *knight*,——
Piſt. *Knave*, good fellow, *knave*, *knave*,——

So that 'tis clear, our Poet is ſneering at this Play; and makes *Philip*, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach, by humorouſly laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*; as *Baſiliſco* arrogantly inſiſts on his title of *Knight*, in the paſſage above quoted. This old play is an execrable bad one; and, I ſuppoſe, was ſufficiently exploded in the repreſentation: which might make this circumſtance ſo well known, as to become the butt for a ſtage-farceſm.

Thou

Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.
Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo do yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Againſt whoſe fury, and unmatched force,
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard*'s hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, Lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin,
And they ſhall ſay when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him *nay*, it had been ſin;
Who ſays, it was, he lies; I ſay, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, before the Walls of *Angiers* in *France.*

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Archduke of* Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE *Angiers* well met, brave *Auſtria.*
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;

And

And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, *Engliſh John.*
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion*'s death
The rather, that you give his offspring life;
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?
Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till *Angiers* and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurn's back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n 'till that outmoſt corner of the Weſt,
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.
Auſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.
K. *Philip.* Well then, to work; our engines ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town;
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *Frenchmen*'s blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.
Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your embaſſy,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My Lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

And

And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. *Philip.* A wonder, Lady! lo, upon thy wiſh
Our meſſenger *Chatilion* is arriv'd;
What *England* ſays, ſay briefly, gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. *Chatilion*, ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier taſk.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen;
An *Até*, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife.
With her, her niece, the Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a baſtard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unſettled humours of the land;
Raſh, inconſid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce dragons ſpleens,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the *Engliſh* bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. *Philip.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Philip*, determine what we ſhall do ſtreight.
K. *Philip.* Women and fools, break off your conference.
King *John*, this is the very ſum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. *John.* My life as ſoon.—I do defy thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Conſt. Do, child, go to it grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.
Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.
Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe're ſhe does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth!
Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth,
Call me not ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him;
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.
K. *John.* Bedlam, have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,

That

That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvis'd ſcold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.

Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will!—a wicked will;
A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.

K. *Phil.* Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry aim
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of *Angiers*; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s.

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. *Philip.* 'Tis *France*, for *England*.

K. *John.* *England* for itſelf;
You men of *Angiers* and my loving ſubjects——

K. *Philip.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——

K. *John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And, mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle;
And now, inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Fore-wearied in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. *Philip*. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet*;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young Prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up:
Our cannons malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bleſſed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs your proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls

Can

Can hide you from our meſſengers of war:
Tho' all theſe *Engliſh*, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. *John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. *John.* Doth not the crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed——

Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe.)

K. *John.* To verify our title with their lives.

K. *Philip.* As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe——

Faulc. (Some baſtards too.)

K. *Philip.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound, whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.

K. *John.* Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

K. *Philip.* *Amen, amen.*——Mount, chevaliers, to arms!

Faulc. Saint *George*, that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome ſence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your lionneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you. —— [*To* Auſtria.

Auſt. Peace, no more.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. *John.* Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.

K. *Philip.* It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

A long charge ſounded: then, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with Trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* mother,
Whoſe ſons lie ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's huſband grovelîng lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French*;
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh *Herald with Trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens* blood.
There ſtuck no plume in any *Engliſh* creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of *France*.
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands,
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted
Both are alike, and both alike we like; [power.

One

One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at ſeveral doors.

K. *John.* *France*, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. *Philip.* *England*, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot trial, more than we of *France*;
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear;
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroul, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faulc. Ha! Majeſty,—how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire!
Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, Kings; back to the ſtained field,
You equal Potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. *John.* Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. *Phil.* Speak, citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. *Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit. A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this; (9)
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.
Kings of our fears, — until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heav'n, theſe ſcroyles of *Angiers* flout you,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlement, [Kings,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious ſcenes and acts of death.
You royal preſences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town,
By eaſt and weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point,
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty States?
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?

K. *John*. Now by the ſky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our pow'rs
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then after, fight who ſhall be King of it?

Faulc. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh town,

(9) *A greater pow'r than* we *denies all this*;] We muſt certainly read, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to me;

A greater pow'r, than ye, *denies all this*;

i. e. Tho' each of you pretend to be our rightful Kings, you are as yet only ſo in ſwaying over our fears, in the terrors we have of you; not acknowledg'd Kings in our obedience.

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcy walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then, defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourſelves for heav'n or hell.

K. *Philip.* Let it be ſo; ſay, where will you aſſault?

K. *John.* We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this city's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.

K. *Philip.* Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent diſcipline! from north to ſouth;
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to it; come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroak or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field;
Perſevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. *John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the Lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If love ambitious ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than Lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:
If not compleat of,—— ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, (to name want,)
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half part of a bleſſed man, (10)

(10) *He is the half part of a bleſſed man,*
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhe:] The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* preſcrib'd that reading, which I have here reſtor'd to the text; and which is abſolutely requiſite to the ſenſe of the paſſage.

Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a ſhe:
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
O two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleen than powder can enforce, (11)
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſe of old death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoak and bounce,
He gives the baſtonado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France*;
Zounds, I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,

(11) *With ſwifter* ſpleen *than powder can enforce,*] This is a wiſe ſophiſtication of Mr. *Pope*'s, becauſe he did not underſtand the genuine text. I have reſtor'd with the old copies;

With ſwifter ſpleen *than powder*, &c.

i. e. with a paſſion of deſire more ſwift in its influence, than your fire and fury can compel us to. The Poet uſes this word again, afterwards in this play, in the very ſame ſenſe;

Faulc. *Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent motion,*
And ſpleen *of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty!*

Give

Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now-unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom, that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of *France:*
Mark, how they whiſper; urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity, and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Cit. Why anſwer not the double majeſties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. *Phil.* Speak, *England*, firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this city: what ſay you?
K. *John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, (12)
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this city now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,

(12) *For* ANGIER'S *and fair* Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this city *now by us* beſieg'd,
Find liable, &c.] This is a remarkable inſtance of careleſſneſs in a point that ſtares common ſenſe full in the face: and yet thus all the Editors in their profound ſagacity. What was the city *beſieg'd*, but *Angiers*? King *John*, conſenting to match the Lady *Blanch* with the *Dauphin*, agrees, in part of her dowry, to give up all he held in *France*, except the city of *Angiers* which he now beſieg'd and laid claim to. But could it be thought, that he ſhould at one and the ſame time give up all except *Angiers*, and give up *that* too? I corrected this paſſage in the appendix to my SHAKESPEARE. *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has embrac'd it in his laſt edition. *Anjou* was one of the provinces, (methinks, that gentleman might have remembered;) which the *Engliſh* held in *France*; and which the *French* King by *Chatillon* claim'd of King *John* in right of Duke *Arthur*, at the very opening of the play. *Angiers*, inſtead of *Anjou*, has been falſely printed in ſeveral other paſſages of this hiſtory.

Holds hand with any Princeſs of the world.

K. *Phil.* What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the Lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my Lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle;
The ſhadow of myſelf form'd in her eye;
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow:
I do proteſt, I never lov'd myſelf,
Till now infixed I beheld myſelf,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

[*Whiſpering with* Blanch.

Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf love's traitor; this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee ought in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Tho' churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge),
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. *John.* What ſay theſe young ones? what ſay you, my niece?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

K. *John.* Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this Lady?

Lewis. Nay, aſk me, if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. *John.* Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, and *Anjou*, theſe five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of *Engliſh* coin.

Philip

Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.
K. *Phi.* It likes us well; young Princes, cloſe your hands.
Auſt. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.
K. *Philip.* Now, citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at St. *Mary*'s chapel preſently
The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Lady *Conſtance* in this troop?
I know, ſhe is not; for this match made up
Her preſence would have interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?
Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs' tent.
K. *Philip.* And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow Lady? in her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.
K. *John.* We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*;
Some ſpeedy meſſenger bid her repair
To our ſolemnity: I truſt, we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfy her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but* Faulconbridge.
Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop *Arthur*'s title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,

That

That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame biaſs, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.——
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay, there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my Lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, the *French* King's Pavilion.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur *and* Saliſbury.

CONSTANCE.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo.
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears,
And tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,

Teach

Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch!* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England!* what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good Lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?
Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.
Conſt. If thou, that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lillies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. But Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*;
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his Majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to *John*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping *John!*
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.
Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;

For

For Grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop.
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow ſit:
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it. (13)
[*Sits down on the Floor.*

(13) —— *bid Kings come bow to it.*] I muſt here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the diviſion of the ſecond and third *acts*. In the old editions, the ſecond *act* was made to end here; tho' 'tis evident, Lady *Conſtance* here, in her deſpair, ſeats herſelf on the floor: and ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed, as I formerly obſerv'd, immediately to riſe again, only to go off and end the *act* decently; or the *flat ſcene* muſt ſhut her in from the ſight of the Audience, an abſurdity I cannot wiſh to accuſe *Shakeſpeare* of. Mr. *Gildon* and ſome other criticks fancied, that a conſiderable part of the ſecond *act* was loſt; and that the chaſm began here. I had joined in this ſuſpicion of a ſcene or two being loſt; and unwittingly drew Mr. *Pope* into this error. "*It ſeems to be ſo*, ſays he, *and it were to be wiſhed the* reſtorer "(*meaning* me,) *could ſupply it.*" To deſerve this great man's thanks, I'll venture at the taſk; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is loſt; but that I have ſupplied the ſuſpected chaſm, only by rectifying the diviſion of the *acts*. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the *conſtitution* of the play, I am ſatisfied that the third *act* ought to begin with that ſcene, which has hitherto been accounted the laſt of the ſecond act: and my reaſons for it are theſe. The match being concluded, in the ſcene before that, betwixt the *Dauphin* and *Blanch*, a meſſenger is ſent for Lady *Conſtance* to King *Philip*'s tent, for her to come to St. *Mary*'s church to the ſolemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the *baſtard*, ſtaying a little behind, to deſcant on intereſt and commodity, very properly ends the *act*. The next ſcene then, in the *French* King's tent, brings us *Saliſbury* delivering his meſſage to *Conſtance*, who, refuſing to go to the ſolemnity, ſits herſelf down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the *French* King's pavilion, *Philip* expreſſes ſuch ſatisfaction on occaſion of the happy ſolemnity of that day; that *Conſtance* riſes from the floor, and joins in the ſcene by entering her proteſt againſt their joy, and curſing the buſineſs of the day. Thus, I conceive, the ſcenes are fairly continued; and there is no chaſm in the act on it but a proper interval made both for *Saliſbury*'s coming to Lady *Conſtance*, and for the ſolemnization of the marriage. Beſides, as *Faulconbridge* is evidently the Poet's favourite character; 'twas very well judg'd to cloſe the *act* with his ſoliloquy.

Enter

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, *and* Auſtria.

K. *Phil.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in France ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious Sun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the Alchymiſt;
Turning with ſplendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not an holy-day.—[*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But, on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſhood change!

K. *Philip.* By heaven, Lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn.
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye Heavn's, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings!
A widow cries, be huſband to me, Heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere Sun-ſet,

Set

Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria!* thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou Fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humorous Ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O, that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calve's ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Methinks, that *Richard*'s pride and *Richard*'s fall (14)
Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Faulc.

(14) Auſt. *Methinks, that* Richard's *pride and* Richard's *fall*] Theſe 12 ſubſequent lines Mr. *Pope* firſt inſerted from the old ſketch of this play, call'd, The *troubleſome Reign of King John*, in Two Parts. As the Verſes are not bad, I have not caſheer'd them; tho' I do not conceive them ſo abſolutely eſſential to clearing up any circumſtance of the action, as Mr. *Pope* ſeems to imagine. *What was the ground of this quarrel of the Baſtard to* Auſtria (ſays that Gentleman) *is no where ſpecified in the preſent play; nor is there in this place, or the ſcene where it is firſt hinted at, (namely, the 2d of* Act 2) *the leaſt mention of any reaſon for it.* This is the Editor's aſſertion; but let us examine, how well it is grounded. In the very begin-

Without th'assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. *Philip.* Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. *John.* Tho' you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this medling priest,
Dreading the curse, that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself:
Tho' you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cherish;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meretorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be, (15)
That I have room with *Rome* to curse a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law, and warrant, Lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:

(15) *O, lawful let it be,*
That I have leave *with* Rome *to curse a while;*]
Mr. *Pope*, in the nicety of his ear, has, against the authority of all the copies, displaced a jingle here; (which I have made bold to restore to the text,) tho' it is obvious to every knowing reader, how customary it is with our Poet, in a thousand instances, to play on words similar in sound, and differing in signification. He repeats the very same conundrum on the two words now before us, in *Julius Cæsar*.

Now is it *Rome* indeed; and *room* enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

Law

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. Philip of *France*, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raiſe the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome*.

Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, *France?* do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that *France* repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.——

Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe——

Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. *John. Philip*, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?

Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchace of a heavy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſs of *England* for a friend;
Forgo the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of *Rome*.

Conſt. Lewis, ſtand faſt; the devil tempts thee here(16)
In likeneſs of a new and trimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her faith:
But from her need.

(16) —— *the devil tempts thee here*
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed *bride.*] Tho' all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any ſignification to ſquare with the ſenſe required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. It might, indeed, admit of this explanation, *undreſs'd, ready to go to bed:* but then that is giving in to an alluſion too groſs for Lady *Conſtance*. I have ventur'd to throw out the negative, and read;

In likeneſs of a new and trimmed *bride.*

i. e. of a new bride; and one deck'd and adorn'd as well by art as nature. Or we might read; but it departs a little wider from the traces of the text as we find it;

In likeneſs of a new betrimmed *bride.*

But the firſt conjecture anſwers the ſenſe and purpoſe of the ſpeaker; and requires but a very ſlight variation.

Conſt.

Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. *John.* The king is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.
Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. *Philip.* I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curſt?
K. *Philip.* Good rev'rend father, make my perſon yours;
And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows:
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms, and our royal ſelves.
And ev'n before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incenſed Kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeiſure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heav'n,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Un-ſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe

Some

Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to *England*'s love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou doſt hold.
K. *Philip.* I may diſ-join my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heav'n, firſt be to heav'n perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf;
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn,
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.

And

And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy, loose suggestions;
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off;
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me: (ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth?) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour!—

Lewis. I muse, your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head?

K. *Philip.* Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy!

K. *John.* *France*, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faul. Old Time the Clock-setter, that bald Sexton Time,

Is it, as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt looſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.
Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blan. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. *John.* Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.
[*Exit* Faulconbridge.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood of *France*.
K. *Ph.* Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.
K. *John.* No more, than he that threats. To arms let's hie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Field of battle.

Alarms, Excurſions: Enter Faulconbridge, *with* Auſtria's *head.*

Faulc. NOW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot; (17)

(17) ——— *it grows wond'rous hot;*
Some airy *Devil hovers in the ſky.*] I have, by Mr. *Warburton*'s direction, ventur'd to ſubſtitute, *fiery Devil.* It is a very unconcluſive inference, ſure, that, becauſe it grew wond'rous hot, ſome airy Devil hovered in the ſky. It is a ſort of reaſoning, that carries an air of ridicule; unleſs we could determine, that the Poet meant no more by the epithet than to expreſs the Sacred Text, in which the Devil is ſtiled the *Prince of the Air.*

Some fiery devil hovers in the ſky,
And pours down miſchief. *Auſtria*'s head lie there.—
Thus hath King *Richard*'s ſon perform'd his vow,
And offer'd *Auſtria*'s blood for ſacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living ſoul.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. *John*. There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. *Richard*, make up;
My mother is aſſailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My Lord, I reſcu'd her:
Her Highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt*.

Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, *and Lords*.

K. *John*. So ſhall it be; your Grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Couſin, look not ſad, [*To* Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. *John*. Couſin, away for *England*; haſte before,
[*To* Faulc.
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; their impriſoned angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of Peace (18)
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle, ſhall not drive me back
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your Highneſs: Grandam, I will pray,

(18) ——— *the fat ribs of Peace*
Muſt by the hungry now *be fed upon*.] This word *now* ſeems a very idle term here, and conveys no ſatisfactory idea. An Antitheſis, and oppoſition of terms, ſo perpetual with our Author, requires;
Muſt by the hungry war *be fed upon*.
War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically ſaid to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat of Peace*. Mr. *Warburton*.

If

(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewel, my gentle couſin.
K. *John.* Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Paulo.
Eli. Come hither, little kinſman;—hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the Stage.*
K. *John.* [*to* Hubert *on the other ſide.*]
Come hither, *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
K. *John.* Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,—
But thou ſhalt have—and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay—but, let it go:
The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell (19)
Did

(19) —— *If the midnight bell*
Did with his iron tongue, and brazen mouth,
Sound on into *the drowſy race of night*;] I do not think, that *ſound on* gives here that idea of ſolemnity and horror, which, 'tis plain, our Poet intended to impreſs by this fine deſcription; and which my emendation conveys. *i. e.* If it were the ſtill part of the night, or *one* of the clock in the morning, when the ſound of the bell ſtrikes upon the ear with moſt awe and terror. And it is very uſual with our *Shakſpeare* in other paſſages to expreſs the horror of a midnight bell.
So, in *Othello*;
Silence that *dreadful* bell, it *frights* the iſle.
—— what's the buſineſs,
That ſuch an *hideous* trumpet calls to parley
The *ſleepers* of the houſe? *Macbeth.*

Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot laughter keep mens eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.

K. *John.* Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend:
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Death.

Hub. My Lord?

K. *John.* A grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. *John.* Enough.

And ſometimes, for the more ſolemnity, he is uſed to add the circumſtance of the particular hour.

The iron tongue of *midnight* hath toll'd *twelve*.
Midſum. Night's Dream.

The bell then beating *one*. Hamlet.

I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember:——Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. *John.* For *England*, cousin, go.
Hubert shall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; on, toward *Calais*, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *French* Court.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. *Philip.* SO, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of collected sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.
K. *Philip.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?
Arthur ta'en pris'ner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of *France*?
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd
Such temp'rate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. *Phil.* Well could I bear that *England* had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul,
Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will
In the vile prison of afflicted breath;
I pr'ythee, Lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace.
K. *Ph.* Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle *Constance.*
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,

But that, which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death; oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench, ſound rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from thy couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter, like thyſelf;
Come grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife; miſery's love,
O come to me!

K. Philip. O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a Lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modern invocation. (20)

Pand. Lady, your utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy to belye me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey*'s wife;
Young *Arthur* is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon

(20) *And ſcorns a* modeſt *invocation.*] So Mr. *Pope:* but I have thought fit to reſtore the reading of the old Copies. 'Tis certain, our Author employs this word, *modern*, in a great many places, very cramply. But we ſhall always underſtand him, if we but carry this remark with us; that he generally uſes it in the ſignification of *trifling, inſignificant, not weighty, of ſmall moment*, &c. Thus his ſenſe will be always clear to us; as it were, metaphorically, from thoſe, who deſpiſe *modern* things, and prefer the ancient to them.

How

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

K. *Philip.* Bind up those tresses; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
E'en to that drop ten thousand wiery friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To *England*, if you will.——

K. *Philip.* Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Because my poor child is a prisoner,
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in Heav'n;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.
For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n
I shall not know him; therefore never, never,
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.——

K. *Philip.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. Ph. I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man.
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt, by loſing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his priſoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetick ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *England*'s throne; and therefore mark.

John

John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the ſky,
No ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life;
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;

And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!—The baſtard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*;
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us go;
If you ſay *ay*, the King will not ſay *no*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE changes to *England*.

A priſon.

Enter Hubert *and Executioner*.

HUBERT.

HEAT me theſe irons hot, and, look, thou ſtand!
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't.
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert*.
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Arth. As little Prince (having ſo great a title
To be more Prince) as may be. You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody ſhould be ſad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my Chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long.
And ſo I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey*'s ſon?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, *Hubert*.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*
Arth. Are you ſick, *Hubert*? you look pale to-day;
In ſooth, I would, you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur*—— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a Prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then, you muſt—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,

So much as frown on you.
Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.
The iron of itſelf, tho' heat red hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn, hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but *Hubert's*.
Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you do.
[*Stamps, and the men enter.*
Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert!* ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.
Exe. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed. [*Exeunt.*
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.
Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,

Any

Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extreams; ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes:
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,

That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Court of *England*.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords.*

K. *John.* HERE once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.
Pemb. This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new-told,
And in the last repeating troublesome;
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,

They

They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs; (21)
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel; but it pleas'd your Highneſs
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your Highneſs will.

K. *John.* Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more-ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
(Both for myſelf and them; but chief of all,
Your ſafety; for the which, myſelf and they
Bend their beſt ſtudies;) heartily requeſt
Th' infranchiſement of *Arthur*; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why ſhou'd your fears, (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,

(21) *They do confound their ſkill in* covetouſneſs.] i. e. Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intenſe deſire of excelling; as in *Henry* V.

But if it be a ſin to *covet honour*,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.

That

That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. *John.* Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man, should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent: (22)
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. *John* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceased to-night,

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. *John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and so farewel!

(22) *Like heralds, 'twixt two dreadful battles set;*] But heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; tho' they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, *&c.* I have therefore ventur'd to read, *sent.* *Pemb.*

Pemb. Stay yet, Lord *Saliſbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which own'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. *John.* They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others death— [*Aſide.*
A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood, [*To the Meſſen.*
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France?*

Meſ. From *France* to *England* never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. *John.* Oh, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in *France*,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April*, dy'd
Your noble mother; and as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or falſe, I know not.

K. *John.* With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers. What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in *France?*
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of *France*,
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the *Dauphin.*

Enter

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. *John.* Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings. Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.
K. *John.* Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Faulc. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next *Aſcenſion-day* at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.
K. *John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out ſo.
K. *John.* *Hubert*, away with him, impriſon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.—O my gentle couſin,
[*Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Faulc. The *French*, my Lord; mens mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met Lord *Bigot* and Lord *Saliſbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave.
Of *Arthur*, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. *John.*

K. *John.* Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their company:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will ſeek them out.

K. *John.* Nay, but make haſte; the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be *Mercury*, ſet feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* My mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. *John.* Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,

That

That were embattled and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death.
K. *John*. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?
K. *John*. It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous Majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.
Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal, for what I did.
K. *Jo*. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly bróke with thee of *Arthur*'s death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord——
K. *Joh*. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;

Yea,

Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. *John.* Doth *Arthur* live? O, haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry Lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Street before a Priſon.

Enter Arthur *on the walls, diſguis'd.*

Arth. THE wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.

I

I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and *England* keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſbury, *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmundſbury*;
It is our ſafety; and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble Lord of *France*,
Whoſe private with me of the *Dauphin*'s love
Is much more gen'ral than theſe lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, Lords, or ere we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd Lords;
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtrait.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloak
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.
Faul. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.
Faulc. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lies here?
[*Seeing* Arthur.
Pemb. Oh death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,

Doth

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroak,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or ſtaring rage
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.

Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of time;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of *Hubert*'s hand,
The practice and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.

Pemb. Bigot. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.

Sal.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death;
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his ſword.*
Faulc. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord *Saliſbury*; ſtand back, I ſay;
By heav'n, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lyes.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, *Faulconbridge.*
Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Saliſbury.*
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge?*
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.

Away with me all you, whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.
Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.
Pemb. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Faulc. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, (if thou didſt this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Faulc. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd ſo black—nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.
Hub. Upon my ſoul——
Faulc. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread,
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.
Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſy doſt thou take all *England* up! (23)

From

(23) *How eaſy doſt thou take all* England *up,*
From forth this morſel of dead royalty?] But how did *Hubert* take *England* up, from forth the dead body of young *Arthur*? Moſt ſaga-

From forth this morſel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The unowed intereſt of proud-ſwelling ſtate.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt;
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n itſelf doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ſagacious Editors! The ſtupid pointing, which has prevail'd in all the copies, makes ſtark nonſenſe of the paſſage. My pointing reſtores it to its genuine purity. *Faulconbridge*, ſeeing *Hubert* take up the body of the dead Prince, makes two reflections:—*How eaſily*, ſays he, *doſt thou take up all* England *in that burden!* and then, that the life, right, and truth of the realm was fled to heaven from out the breathleſs coarſe of that ſlaughtered royalty, &c.

ACT V.

SCENE, the Court of *England*.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.
K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are enflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty:
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or overthrow incurable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite, (24)

My

(24) *But ſince you are a gentle* convertite.] i. e. a convert, (a penitent) as we now phraſe it: But in our Author's time, convertite was the term in faſhion. We find him uſe it again more than once; In *As you like it*, ſententious *Jaques* ſays;

——— out of theſe *convertites*
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

And in his poem, call'd, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*;

He thence departs a heavy *convertite*;
She there remains a hopeleſs caſt-away.

And

My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war;
And make fair weather in your bluſt'ring land.
On this *Aſcenſion-day*, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*
K. *John*. Is this *Aſcenſion-day*? did not the prophet
Say, that before *Aſcenſion-day* at noon
My crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Caſtle*: *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the *Dauphin* and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.
K. *John*. Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard, young *Arthur* was alive?
Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. *John*. That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.
Faulc. So on my ſoul he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Noble Gentleman*.

Your couſin, who is now a convertite;

The termination of this word, no doubt, we form'd from the *Italian* participle, *convertito*: And the *Spaniards* likewiſe call a convert, *unconvertido*.

Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid! Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. *John.* The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the *Dauphin.*

Faulc. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parly, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cockred, ſilken, wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread,
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw, we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. *John.* Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Dauphin*'s Camp, at St. Edmundſbury. (25)

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Saliſbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. MY Lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return

(25) *at St* Edmondſbury.] I have ventur'd to fix the place of the ſcene here, which is ſpecified by none of the Editors, on the following autho-

Return the president to these Lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' invet'rate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice, and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That, we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger march (26)

Upon

authorities. In the preceding act, where *Salisbury* has fix'd to go over to the *Dauphin*, he says,

Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmonsbury*.

And Count *Melun*, in this last act, says;

——— and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. *Edmundsbury*;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you,
Dear amity, and everlasting love.

And it appears likewise from the *troublesome reign* of King *John*, in two parts, (the first rough model of this play) that the interchange of vows betwixt the *Dauphin* and the *English* Barons was at St. *Edmond's-bury*.

M

(26) *Wherein we step after a stranger, march*
Upon her gentle bosom,] Thus all the printed copies have mistakingly pointed this passage: but, with submission to the former

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I must withdraw and weep(27)
Upon the spot of this enforced cause;)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That *Neptune*'s arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore!
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affection, wrestling in thy bosom,
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a Lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:

Editors, the word *stranger* is here an adjective in its usage, and to be coupled to *march*, which is its substantive and no verb. So in *Richard* II.

And tread the *stranger* paths of banishment.

And so in his poem, call'd, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*;

But she, that never cop'd with *stranger* eyes.

As to the use of this word *adjectively*, I have already spoke in my 2d note on *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

(27) ——— *I must withdraw and weep*
Upon the spot, for this *enforced cause*.] Thus Mr. *Pope* points and reads these lines: which, if I understand the drift, is making *Salisbury* say, "*I must go from this spot, and weep upon it.*"—I have chose to stick to the reading of the old copies, and to throw the passage into *Parenthesis*; this is what, I apprehend, the Poet means, *Salisbury* should say; "I must turn aside, and weep for this *stain* "this disgrace, of our revolt; to which we have been enforced by "the King's proceedings." So in the last speech of *Salisbury* to Prince *Henry*, the word *spot* again is used.

And the like tender of our love we make
To rest without a *spot* for evermore.

But

But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhow'r, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd;
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes,
That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,
Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping.
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,
As *Lewis* himſelf; ſo, nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there, methinks, an angel ſpake!
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath!

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France!*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome*; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy church,
The great metropolis and ſee of *Rome*.
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace;
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a ſecondary at controul;
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd kingdom and myſelf;

And brought in matter, that ſhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this land;
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart:
And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this land for mine:
And now it is half conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Rome*'s ſlave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match, play'd for a crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded ſet?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lewis. Outſide or inſide, I will not return,
Till my attempt ſo much be glorify'd,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of war;
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To outlook conqueſt, and to win renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

{Trumpet ſounds.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am ſent to ſpeak,
My holy Lord of *Milain*, from the King:
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:

And

And as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The *Dauphin* is too willful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my intreaties;
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay dow his arms.
Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King;
For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too, he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſk, and unadviſed revel,
This unhair'd ſaucineſs and boyiſh troops, (28)

(28) *This* unheard *ſaucineſs, and boyiſh troops,*] Thus the printed copies in general: but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force, or meaning here; beſides let us obſerve how 'tis coupled. *Faulconbridge* is ſneering at the *Dauphin*'s invaſion, as an unadvis'd enterprize, ſavouring of youth and indiſcretion; the reſult of childiſhneſs, and unthinking raſhneſs: and he ſeems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation *boyiſh troops, dwarfiſh war, pigmy arms, &c.* So before, in the 1ſt ſcene of this act, *Faulconbridge* ſays;

——— ſhall a *beardleſs boy*,
A cockred, ſilken, wanton brave our fields?

Let me ſubjoin a few inſtances to ſhew, that this epithet *unhair'd* is very much in the mode of our *Shakeſpeare*'s expreſſion. So, in *Macbeth*.

——— And many *unrough youths*,
That even now proteſt their firſt of manhood.

Love's Labour loſt.

I'll mark no words that *ſmooth-fac'd* lovers ſay.

Antony *and* Cleopatra.

——— or who knows,
If the *ſcarce-bearded Cæſar* have not ſent
His pow'rful mandate to you?

Coriolanus.

When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The *briſtled* lips before him.

Tempeſt.

——— Till new-born chins
Be *rough* and *razurable*.

Henry V.

For who is he, whoſe *chin* is but *enrich'd*
With one *appearing hair*, ———

And in his poem, call'd, *Venus* and *Adonis*;

Whoſe beams upon his *hairleſs face* are fix'd;

The

The King doth ſmile at; and is well-prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable-planks,
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *Engliſh*-man;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his airy tow'rs,
To ſouſe annoyance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody *Neros'*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother *England*, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own Ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.

Sound

Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand-
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport, than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death; whoſe office is this day,
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.
Lewis. Strike up your drums, to find this danger out,
Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms. *Enter King* John *and* Hubert.

K. *Jn*. HOw goes the day with us? oh, tell me, *Hubert*.
Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?
K. *John*. This fever, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lies heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, your valiant kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me which way you go.
K. *Joh*. Tell him, tow'rd *Swinſtead*, to the abbey there.
Meſ. Be of good comfort: for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Godwin*-ſands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now;
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.
K. *John*. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinſtead*; to my litter ſtrait;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE changes to the *French* Camp.

Enter Saliſbury, Pembroke, *and* Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the *French*:
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too. *Sal*.

Sal. That miſ-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In ſpite of ſpite, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They ſay, King *John*, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, *wounded*.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of *England* here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the Count *Melun*.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly, noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold;
Untread the rude way of rebellion, (29)
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be Lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. *Edmondſbury*;
Ev'n on that altar, where we ſwore to you

(29) Unthread *the rude* eye *of rebellion*,] Tho' all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor, of *unthreading* the *eye* of a *needle*? And, beſides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obſcure is the alluſion without it? The text, as I have reſtor'd it, is eaſy and natural; and it is the mode of expreſſion, which our Author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the *way*, *path*, *ſteps*, &c. So *Saliſbury* ſays afterwards in this ſcene;

We will *untread* the *ſteps* of damned flight.

Henry VIII.

Say, *Wolſey*, that once *trod* the *ways* of glory.

Richard II.

But *tread* the ſtranger *paths* of banishment.

Richard III.

Go, *tread* the *path* that thou ſhalt ne'er return.

Merchant of Venice.

Where is the horſe, that doth *untread* again
His tedious meaſures wi'th' unbated fire,
That he did *pace* them firſt?

Hamlet.

Whilſt, like a puft and careleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance *treads*,
And in his poem, call'd, *Venus* and *Adonis*;
She *treads* the *paths*, that ſhe *untreads* again.

Dear

Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life.
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true,
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smoaks about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King,
The love of him, and this respect besides,
(For that my grandsire was an *Englishman*,)
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my soul,
With contemplation, and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds, we have o'er-look'd;
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,

For

For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
And happy newneſs, that intends old right!
[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

SCENE changes to a different part of the *French* Camp.

Enter Lewis, *and his Train.*

Lew. THE ſun of heav'n, methought, was loth to ſet,
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh;
When th' *Engliſh* meaſur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt Lords of it!——.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince, the *Dauphin?*
Lewis. Here; what news?
Meſ. The Count *Melun* is ſlain; the *Engliſh* Lords,
By his perſuaſion are again fall'n off;
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk on *Goodwin* ſands.
Lewis. Ah foul, ſhrewd news! Beſhrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night,
As this hath made me. Who was he, that ſaid,
King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers.
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my Lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, an open Place in the Neighbourhood of *Swinstead* Abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Hubert, *severally.*

Hu. WHo's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faule A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England.*

Faulc. And whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt? and, if thou please,
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think,
I come one way of the *Plantagenets!*

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night (30),
Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; *sans complement,* what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a Monk:

(30) *Unkind remembrance; thou and* endless *night.*
Have done me shame: —] Why, *endless* night? *Hubert* means no more, than that the dulness of his recollection, and the darkness of the night, had disgraced him in his not knowing *Faulconbridge* by the tone of his voice. Our Author certainly wrote, *eye less.* Mr. *Warburton* likewise concurr'd in starting this emendation.

L

I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A Monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King
Yet ſpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty.

Hub. Why, know you not? the Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide;
Theſe *Lincoln*-waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcaped.
Away, before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Orchard in *Swinſtead* Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Saliſbury, *and* Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which, ſome ſuppoſe, the ſoul's frail dwelling houſe,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon, which aſſaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage? *Pemb.*

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

Henry. Oh vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them; inviſible his ſiege is now,
Againſt the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, in their throng, and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange, that death ſhould ſing:——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint ſwan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt,
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. *John.* Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majeſty?

K. *John.* Poiſon'd, ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off; (31)

(31) *Poiſon'd, ill* fate!] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading, on no authority that I can find. I have replac'd *fare*, with the old copies; and conſidering how much our Author lov'd and has practis'd the jingle and play on words, ſimilar in ſound; there is no queſtion but he intended it here.
So, in his Second Part of *Henry* VI.
Sheriff, *farewel*; and better than I *fare*:
And, in the Third Part of *Henry* VI.
How now, *fair* Lords? What *fare*? What news abroad?
Ill fate both takes away the antitheſis, and makes a very flat inſipid exclamation.

And

And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I aſk not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. *John.* The ſalt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Oh, couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the ſhrouds, wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him.
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord!—but now a King—now thus.

Henry. Ev'n ſo muſt I run on, and ev'n ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:

And

And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your bright ſpheres,
Where be your pow'rs? ſhew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It ſeems, you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the *Dauphin*;
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well finewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea-ſide, and put his cauſe and quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.

Faulc. Let it be ſo; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Henry. At *Worceſter* muſt his body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal ſtate, and glory of the land!
To whom, with all ſubmiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.

Henry. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, nor never ſhall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them!—Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the THIRD Volume.

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